Æsop Naturaliz'd:

IN A

COLLECTION

OF

FABLES

AND

STORIES

FROM

Æsop, *Locman*, *Pilpay*, and OTHERS.

The THIRD EDITION; with the Addition of above 50 New FABLES.

Qui miscuit utile dulci
—— *Qui rides? mutato nomine de Te*
Fabula narratur.

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PREFACE.

HE that ſcribbl'd theſe Fables, did not aim at Immortality: But he intended by doing it, to ſee if he cou'd give ſome little Pleaſure to others as well as he had diverted himſelf.

If any one think theſe Stories deſpicable or trivial, if that Man of elevated Judgment wou'd but try to make a Fable himſelf, perhaps it wou'd make him alter his Opinion: he wou'd find it as hard to make the Story, as moſt People do to practiſe the Moral; and ſo much the harder, the more eaſie and natural it appears when it is well finiſh'd.

There is much to be ſaid for this Way of inſtructing People in good Moral Truths by the Way of Stories and Fables: The firſt Conſideration that deſerves to be taken notice of, is the Perſpicuity and Eaſineſs and Pleaſantneſs of this Way of Inſtruction. If theſe Fables are acceptable in Proſe, they cannot be leſs acceptable in Verſe; but more pleaſing and more eaſie to be apprehended and remembred; as will be evident, if we reflect how eaſily Children and Perſons of mean Capacity apprehend a Story or a Fable, how deep the Impreſſion is fix'd in their Memories, and how early it takes Root, before ſuch Perſons have any Reliſh for dry jejune moral Truths, repreſented without ſuch Advantage. The Ancients therefore wiſely contriv'd Stories of this

Nature, that they might inſenſibly inſinuate Wiſdom into the Hearts of Young Perſons, and work it as it were into the Soul betimes.

Another Reaſon why Fables ſeem moſt excellently deſign'd for the Inſtruction of all ſorts of People, is becauſe they are always innocent, and give no particular Offence or Diſguſt to any Man's Paſſions; the Application is uſually made by a Man's ſelf, and conſequently for that Reaſon more kindly taken; Men are nice and tender of their Faults, and love to have them touch'd very gently and nicely; but 'tis the misfortune of plain Truth, ſometimes to appear a little too blunt, amd hard to be digeſted; 'tis like Coloquin in Phyſick, a very good Drug, but apt of it ſelf to vellicate and ſtrain the Stomach a little too much; and therefore the skilful uſually ſoften and qualifie it with ſome other Medicine of a milder nature. Now this is very well imitated in a Fable, by which a Man is gently convinc'd almoſt before he is aware, and brought to paſs Sentence upon his own Folly before he reflects what he's a doing; 'tis like a Phyſician's conveying a Lancet in his Handkerchief, and letting a timerous Patient Blood, before he perceives it, and while he imagines he's only gently ſtroking the Place.

I may add one Reaſon more, why Stories and Fables ſeem moſt ſuitably contriv'd to inform the Underſtanding, and that is, becauſe they are uſually ſhort; and the ſhorteſt way of Inſtruction

ction is the beſt: They only aim to teach us one Point at a time, and are quick in doing it. A Man that wou'd deſcribe another Man's Perſon to me, muſt needs uſe a great many Words, and yet after all, perhaps give me but a very imperfect Idea of him; but he that ſhows me his Picture well painted, tho it be but in miniature, does all this much better at one view, and in a moment. It is the ſame thing in writing; a Man may drag up the Artillery of twenty heavy Arguments to attack a Vice, ſeventeen of which may ſtick by the way, and the reſt be either not underſtood, or not remembred: But a Fable ſhall deſcribe the Sordidneſs of this Vice at once, and convince us pleaſantly and quickly, as Menenius Agrippa *pacified a dangerous Sedition with the Story of the Members and Belly. And now what wiſe Phyſician wou'd preſcribe a long chargeable Proceſs to his weak Patient, when a few Chymical Drops wou'd do as well.*

As to what concerns the following Collection, the Author does not expect to pleaſe all Perſons alike; for he is not altogether pleaſed with the Performance himſelf. Some Fables are better told and ſhorter expreſs'd than others; the worſt may pleaſe ſome, and the beſt will not pleaſe all. He confeſſes ſome are too long, but if the Humour does not make amends, he has nothing more to ſay for himſelf, but that he meant well, and is the Readers

Very humble Servant.

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FAB. I.

The Cock *and the* Precious Stone.

A Cock upon a Dunghil bred,
Finding a Jewel, only said,
Some Jeweller, with High Esteem,
Wou'd doat upon this Taudry Gem;
One Barley Corn I'd rather view,
Than all the Treasures of *Peru*.

MORAL.

According to our Education,
We do our different Humours fashion.
Some seem for Mirth and Pleasure born;
These praise the Grape, or Barley Corn,
Art to no Jewels gives that Grace,
Nor can so much enrich the Face:
But Sparkling Wine, Cups of the Creature,
Seem to Spiritualize all Nature.
The Ploughman loves to thrive at Ease;
The Soldier hates the News of Peace:
Lawyers, for Strife and Quarrels pray;
And some for three good Meals a Day.

FAB. II.

The Wolf *and the* Lamb.

A Wolf that did delight in Slaughter,
For Want of Blood was drinking Water;
And ſpies a Lamb at diſtance drinking;
Then falls a Damning and a Sinking;
What, you'll affront me, I ſuppoſe,
Says he, by thruſting in your Noſe,
And troubling, with your Raskal Snout,
The Water that floats all about.
At ſuch a Diſtance, ſays the Lamb,
How can my Noſe diſturb the Stream?
'Tis ſtrange, my Lord will be offended
With Malice which was ne'er intended!
Grant, ſays the Wolf, this ſhou'd be ſo;
Y'abuſ'd me ſtill Six Months ago.
No ſurely, ſays the Lambkin, ſeeing
Six Months ago I wa'n't in Being.
Well, 'twas your Father, 'tis all one;
You'll ſuffer for what he has done:
For He and You, your Swains and Dogs,
Are all a Pack o' Knaves and Rogues;
And 'tis a Folly, to ha' Patience
With Raſcals of ſuch Occupations.
You'll grow a hardned bold Offender;
Die while your Conſcience is but tender.

MORAL.

For doing Miſchief there's a Seaſon,
In which we never want a Reaſon.

FAB. VII.

The Fox *and the* Crow.

A Crow that had ſtollen a Piece of good Cheeſe,
Sat percht with her Plunder among the (green Trees;
A Fox ſaw the Booty with longing Delight,
And try'd a new Stratagem how to come by't:
He runs to the Tree, and O Madam, ſaid he,
Are you the fair Lady I languiſh to ſee!
Men ſay you are Black; but where is their Sight?
I ne're ſaw a Bird of ſo lovely a White!
The Swan's very fair, to give her her due,
But not of ſo bright a Complexion as you:
If you in a Voice can as ſweetly excel,
You'll raviſh all Creatures where-ever you dwell.
The Crow who ſuppos'd that her Muſick wou'd (pleaſe,
Wou'd tune up her Voice, and down fell the (Cheeſe.
The Fox eat it up, and cry'd, Pretty Soul
You have a ſweet Voice, as ſweet as an Owl:
You warble and trill with ſuch Excellent Grace,
That nothing can equal your Voice, but your (Face.

MORAL.

The Rich Man has a World o' Friends,
That flatter for their private Ends;
But when the Bribe of Int'reſt's gone,
The Fool will then meet with his own.

FAB. VIII.

The Lion *grown Old.*

AN Aged Lion's Teeth were gone,
He's fear'd and pitied now by none.
The Surly Boar dares now defy him;
He's gor'd by Bulls, if they come nigh him:
He meets each Day wi' new Diſgraces,
Butted by Rams, and kick'd by Aſſes:
Yet with this Uſage he's contented,
From Animals he had offended:
But there were ſome which did him trouble,
Call'd Turn-coat Friends, whoſe Hearts are
(double.

MORAL.

'Tis Baſeneſs to inſult the Great,
When they are humbled by ill Fate.

FAB. IX.

The Dog *and the* Aſs.

A Dull ſilly Aſs was with Envy oppreſt,
To ſee *Spot* the Lap-dog belov'd & careſs't;
For what had he done to merit Embraces,
But licking his Maſter and Miſtreſs's Faces;
Perhaps now and then he wou'd offer his Paw,
And wriggle his Tail, and bark at a Straw:
If this were the Buſineſs that did ſo much pleaſe,
He thought any Aſs might perform it with Eaſe.
At laſt he prevail'd with his own Reſolution,
To put the ſame Methods into Execution:

So

So ſeeing his Maſter one Day melancholly,
He thought to divert him with ſome pretty Folly;
So Friſking and Skipping, and then growing
(bolder,
He clapt both his Hoofs up a top of his Shoulder;
And bray'd ſuch a Tune with his Excellent Voice,
That *Colin* the Threſher came in at the Noiſe;
And ſnatching a good Oaken Stick, laid it on;
This made the Muſician ſoon alter his Tone:
The Bruit all his 'Haviors was forc'd to give o're,
And look like an Aſs more than ever before.

MORAL.

Some naturally have thoſe Graces,
Which others imitate like Aſſes.

FAB. X.

The Lion *and* Mouſe.

THE Lion Brave and Generous,
Once in his Life had ſav'd a Mouſe,
And little thought in time to ſee
The Mouſe as Generous as he;
Till being hamper'd in a Net,
Where 'twas in vain to Roar and Fret,
He found what he expected leaſt,
His Safety from ſo ſmall a Beaſt.
The Mouſe did that which made him wonder,
And gnawed the ſtubborn Snare aſunder.

MORAL.

Since no one knows what may befal,
'Tis Wiſdom to be kind to all.

FAB

FAB. XI.

The Sick Kite *and her* Mother.

SAys a Languiſhing Kite, Mother give over
(Tears,
You'll do me more good if you fall to your
(Prayers.
O Child, ſays the Mother, if that is the way,
The God's will mind little what e're I can ſay:
When e're I wou'd pray, I find my Tongue fal-
(ters,
Alas! the Gods know that I have robb'd all their
(Altars.

MORAL.

Be grateful and uſe the kind Bleſſings of Heaven,
To honour the Pow'r by which they were giv'n;
Deride not Religion when healthy and well;
And then pray and flatter again when you're ill.

FAB. XII.

A Bee *and a* Bear.

A Bee ſtung a Bear, and for the raſh Action,
The Bear from the Hive wou'd demand Sa-
(tisfaction:
While he rifles the Hive, a Swarm o' Bees flies
(out,
And ſtings the poor Bear, till they ſtung both
(his Eyes out.

MORAL.

Put up ſmall Affronts; If they wont content ye,
Inſtead of one Slight you'll encounter wi' twenty.

FAB.

FAB. XIII.

The Kingdom of Apes.

'Was the Chance of Two Travellers once
(in their way,
ight of a Kingdom where Apes bore the
(Sway;
one was a plain Man, the other all Riddle,
oints were in Tune to obey a Court Fiddle:
taken for Spies, who to Realms denounce
(Ill,
muſt be examin'd before Privy Council;
King of the Apes, to try their Civility,
ided their Thoughts of himſelf and No-
(bility.
urtier cries, Sir, You govern the Place,
eſty ſeems to be ſtampt in your Face;
eror you, theſe are Princes o' Blood,
e Politicians, that do the World good:
ſtrait replies, We Wiſdom regard,
of Apples muſt be your Reward.
or your Neighbour: Let's hear, Friend,
(your Mind,
are your Thoughts to the Kingdom
(inclin'd?
replies, Sir, you ſeem by your
(Shape
ified kind of an Ape;
out you ſeem all your Relations,
fitted for their Occupations.
Monarch, and vext all his Train,
to pieces for talking ſo plain.

MO-

MORAL.

He ſoon gets Preferment that flatters and lies,
But plain honeſt Men are not likely to riſe.

FAB. XIV.

A Mountebank *and a* Bear.

A Mountebank who the whole Rabbl
(g
With *Greek* Words, and Balſoms, Elixi
(
Stood amaz'd to behold, how that W
(
A Bear, drew the Mob from the Lear

They laught, and huzza'd, and threw

At the Beaſt, and the Squre that uſher'd hi
The Brute wou'd not bear it, but tak
Soon anſwer'd Deriſion wi' Moral R
Says he, Courteous Friends don't l

Have patience to ſee your own Faul
You hoot at a Bear, yet he more th
A Gliſterpipe Quack leads you all

MORAL.

He that others derides, himſelf ſho
Or elſe he may laſh his own Faults m

FAB. XV.

A Widow *and* Widower.

A Widow and Widower led a ſad Life,
She prais'd her Dead Husband, the Man his (dead Wife:
At Supper the Wife gives the Leg of a Fowl
To a Beggar, to pray for her dead Husband's (Soul:
The reſt of the Fowl the Husband imparted,
That the Beggar might pray for his Lady de- (parted.
Thus while they both teſtifi'd Love to the dead,
The living went Angry and Hungry to Bed.

MORAL.

A Married Condition becomes a mere Riot,
Where a Man and his Wife can't agree to be quiet.

FAB. XVI.

A Cuckow *and* Little Birds.

A Cuckow much wondred the Birds did ſo fly (her,
And what was the Reaſon they dare not come (nigh her?
She never did harm, that a Titmouſe cou'd ſay,
That ever ſhe made his Relations a Prey;
'Tis true replies one, but our Fancies you balk,
You are no Bird o' Prey, yet you look like a (Hawk.

MORAL.

A Man that does Virtue and Goodneſs approve,
Does never unſuitable Company love:
To hate all that's Ill, is a happy Condition;
And none truly hates it, but hates the Suſpicion.

FAB. XVII.

The Hawks *and the* Pigeons.

THE Hawks in a long Civil War had con-
(tended,
By means of the Pigeons the Matter is ended;
The Quarrel no ſooner among the Hawks ceaſes,
But they fall on the Pigeons, and tear 'em to
(pieces.

MORAL.

Good Nature ſhou'd ne're indiſcreetly be ſhown;
Many pacify Quarrels, and make 'em their own.

FAB. XVIII.

The Mad Lion.

THere went a Report, and good Authors
(backt it,
The Lyon, the King of the Woods, was diſtra-
&ted.
This put the whole Mob in a ſad Conſternation:
What Miſchief, ſay they, will befal the poor
(Nation:
A Lion at beſt is like abſolute Princes;
He'll eat us all up, if he's out of his Senſes.

MO-

MORAL.

Men hardly good Princes with Patience endure,
But he that's a Tyrant had need to ſit ſure.

FAB. XIX.

The Fox, Wolf *and* Ape.

A Fox was indicted upon an old Grudge,
A Wolf was the Plaintiff, an Ape was the (Judge;
Then *Reynard* was askt, Was he guilty, or no?
And the Witneſſes ſwore to it, *Con & Pro*:
The Ape having duly conſider'd the Caſe,
Pronounces both faulty: You Wolf ha' the face,
Says my Lord, this Fox as a Thief to indite
In an Action, to proſecute which you want Right:
This Indictment the Fox to deny does not doubt,
Tho' the Matter o' Fact be plainly made out.
In ſhort, You endeavour the whole Court may (ſee
You're a couple o' Raſcals, but cannot agree.

MORAL.

Diſorder breeds Order, Injuſtice does Right;
Men are Honeſt in Envy, and Good out o' Spight.

FAB. XX.

The Magpy *and the* Eagle.

A Magpy try'd many ways how to inveigle,
And make her ſelf intimate with a Court (Eagle:
She

She thought her good Parts, and quick Appre-
(henſion,
Might give her deſervedly Hopes of a Penſion:
No Bird that cou'd ſhow ſuch an Excellent Soul,
So fit to pay Compliments, or to Condole;
Her Fancy in Dreſſing was Airy and Pretty,
And then in Diſcourſe there was nothing ſo witty.
The Eagle ſaw well that the Magpy had Parts,
Confeſs'd her great Beauty, and worthy Deſerts;
But yet, wou'd give him no Place o' Truſt, hating
A Bird that was ſo much addicted to Prating.

MORAL.

To govern his Tongue, ſhows a Man o' more Senſe,
Than they who to witty Diſcourſe make Pretence;
A Friend that's defective in this kind o' Wit,
Is for the Degree of a Servant unfit.

FAB. XXI.

The Fly *and the* Pot.

A Liquoriſh Fly, that wou'd pamper his Belly,
Was got very deep in a Pot of good Gelly;
And when he would gladly have got out again,
He found upon Trial his Labour was vain:
His Boots were ſo liquor'd, his Wings were ſo
(paſted,
He found he muſt pay dear for what he had taſted:
Then he pull'd up his Heart, and with Courage
(Heroick,
Tho' he liv'd like an Epicure, dy'd like a Stoick.

MO-

MORAL.

'Tis wiſe in Enjoyments to keep a due Meaſure,
And not die effeminate Martyrs o' Pleaſure;
Yet if by our Vices we worthily ſmart,
There's nothing looks well, but a good Patient Heart.

FAB. XXII.

A Clown *and a* Bee.

A Clown took it ill to be ſtung by a Bee,
For how cou'd ſuch Venom with Honey (agree?
The Bee told him plain, you're a dull Country (Creature;
Is any Thing worſe to provoke than good Na- (ture?

MORAL.

When Men even Mercy and Patience abuſe,
Our Anger can't wiſh for a fairer Excuſe:
Yet tho' our Revenge may be handſomely ſhown,
'Tis always more noble to let it alone.

FAB. XXIII.

The Pilot *and* Merchant.

A Merchant that ne're was before in a Storm,
Was amaz'd at a Pilot that dreaded no (Harm;
And therefore he puts in a Word by the by,
What Death, Mr. Pilot, did your Father die?

What Death, do you ask, ſays the Pilot? Why he
And my Grandfather too, both periſh'd at Sea.
If ſo, ſays the Merchant, then what's the Oc-
(caſion
That makes you ſo forward at this Navigation?
Why, pray, ſays the Pilot, e'nt your Father
(dead?
Why, yes, cries the Merchant, but dy'd in his
(Bed:
Say you ſo, quoth the Tar; why then by this
(Rule,
If you your ſelf e're go to Bed, you're a Fool.

MORAL.

Since Fate is ſtrong, and Death is every where;
The Brave are as ſecure as thoſe that fear.

FAB. XXIV.

The Fox *and the* Stork.

A Fox that had made quick Diſpatch of a
Pullet,
Felt an untoward Bone ſtick a-croſs in his Gullet;
Which he neither upward nor downward cou'd
(get,
This put the poor Beaſt in a wonderful Fret:
He thought of a Crane, who by ſpecial Gift,
Was ſuited to help him out at a dead lift:
The Bird with fair Promiſes quickly was won,
To put his long Bill in, and pull out the Bone.
This done, the Reward was expected wi' Paſſion,
As richly deſerv'd by the rare Operation:

Of

Of that, ſays the Fox, no more muſt be ſaid of,
'Tis enough when I might, I did not bite your
(Head off.

MORAL.

Men oft in Diſtreſs are ſubmiſſive and fair,
Who if Fortune changes, as inſolent are;
What Favour can ſordid Ingratitude charm?
You're paid well enough, if you meet wi' no Harm.

FAB. XXV.

The Projector *and the* Aſs.

IN the Space of ten Years, a Projector agreed
To teach an Aſs how to chop Logick, and
(read:
The Wager was laid, and the Forfeitures nam'd;
But when the odd Humour by many was blam'd,
Why look ye, ſays he, 'tis Forty to One,
The Aſs may be dead e're his Lectures are done;
Or I may drop off peradventure, or he
That lays me the Wager, and then we are free.

MORAL.

Some Projects at firſt that improbable ſeem,
Are manag'd by Methods of which we don't dream;
A crafty Deſigner, if one way w'ont do,
Has twenty more ready, his Ends to purſue.

FAB. XXVI.

The Farmer *and* Weaſel.

A Weaſel was taken, and cry'd out for Pity,
O Maſter, conſider the Good that I did ye!
I always defended your Bacon and Cheeſe,
And kill'd Rats and Mice of all Sorts and Degrees:

And after ſuch Service, methinks it agrees ill
With Juſtice, for you to deſtroy the poor Weaſel.
The Farmer replies, you ſeem to talk Senſe;
Yet all that you ſay, is mere Sham, and Pretence.
'Tis true that you eat up the Mice, as you ſay,
And every thing elſe that comes in your way:
And therefore I muſt deal ſo freely to tell ye,
You did not love me ſo much as your Belly.

MORAL.

Too many that aim at their own private Ends,
Wou'd fain have the Fame of obliging their Friends.

FAB. XXVII.

The Fox *and the* Eagle.

AN Eagle that thought a young Fox pretty
(Victual,
Wou'd carry ſome home to her Birds that were
(little:
The old Mother Fox ran after proteſting,
And from her Claws Mercy moſt humbly re-
(queſting:
When all other Arguments fail'd, and were
(ſlighted,
She fetches a Firebrand that was well lighted;
Says ſhe, if for my ſake no Pity is ſhown,
Yet now, Mrs. Eagle, ſhow ſome for your own:
For if you return not my Cubs at deſire,
I'll ſet both the Tree and your Neſt in a Fire.
The Eagle was ſtartled at this Propoſition,
And gave back the Cubs with an humble Sub-
(miſſion.

MORAL.

The Powerful ne're should their Greatness use,
Inferior Persons to vex or abuse;
No Creature so dull its Designs to pursue,
But Rage makes 'em witty, and mischievous too.

FAB. XXVIII.

The Cat, *the* Sow, *and the* Eagle.

A Cat, Sow, and Eagle, all happen'd to be
Together Inhabitants of the same Tree:
The Eagle upon the Top planted her Nest,
The Cat with her Kitlings the Middle possest;
But as for the Pigs, the careful Sow got 'em
All treasur'd up safe at a Hole in the Bottom:
The Cat and her Claws were very much busied,
To clamber, and pay Neighbour Eagle a Visit.
Ah, Madam, said she, I fear you and I
Shall get little good by the Sow and her Sty:
She lies undermining and grunting below,
I'm sure in a while she'll the Tree overthrow.
At this Information, the Eagle sat watching;
And never durst go from the Birds she was hatch-
(ing.
Then down creeps the Cat to the Pigs below
(Stairs,
And there with Suspicions, she fills the Sow's
(Ears;
She bids her beware, or soon she wou'd find
The Eagle to Pigs Flesh was strangely inclin'd:
Her Humor, says she, will be certainly shown,
If e're you go out and leave Piggies alone.

The Sow hearing this, was frighted and aw'd,
And never for Victuals durſt travel Abroad.
By ſuch Informations and diligent Labours,
The Cat made a ſhift to ſtarve both her Neigh-
(bours:
Which when ſhe had very ſucceſsfully done,
She claim'd both the Neſt, and the Pigs for her
(own.

MORAL.

A Man do's in Friendſhip exceedingly fail,
Who gives too much Ear to a Whiſperer's Tale:
To him you ſuſpect of a Story reveal it;
For 'tis both unſafe, and unkind, to conceal it.
'Tis ſomewhat, to break all a Talebearer's Meaſures;
To find a Friend true is the greateſt o' Pleaſures.

FAB. XXIX.

The Goat *and the* Fox.

A Dull Hairy Goat ſpy'd a Fox in a Well,
Who told him the Water did ſtrangely ex-
(cel;
That ſtill as he drank his Delight did increaſe;
That Liquor muſt fail, e're his Pleaſure cou'd
(ceaſe.
Then down skips the Goat; and the Fox takes
(Occaſion
To leap on his Horns, and ſo make an Evaſion.

MORAL.

A Man in great Danger, ſo he may get rid,
Conſiders but little, who comes in his ſtead.

FAB.

FAB. XXX.

The Dogs *and* Jupiter.

THE Dogs little pleas'd wi' their ſlaviſh Condition,
Sent Legates and Envoys to *Jove* wi' Petition:
Theſe were to inform him of their naſty Diet,
And how they were bang'd, and cou'd ne're live at quiet.
But while at each Dunghil they ſcrape for a Bone,
The Embaſſy went very leiſurely on;
So that *Mercury* coming to uſher 'em in,
There was not ſo much as a Whelp to be ſeen.
At laſt having found out the Plenipotentiaries,
He dragg'd them by th' Ears thro' *Jupiter*'s Entries:
The Dogs dreading *Jove*, and his high Preſence Chamber,
Left an odd Sort o' Smell, but 'twas not of Amber;
Which when *Jove* perceiv'd, he caus'd ſome Attacks
To be made with a Cudgel laid over their Backs;
And order'd 'em all to be laid up in Durance,
For playing ſuch Tricks wi' ſo little Aſſurance.
The Rumor to all other Dogs was convey'd,
What odious Work the late Legates had made;
So ſending new Envoys, they took ſpecial Care
To daub all their Tails with Odours moſt rare:

But when the new Legates ſaw *Jove* ſhaking (Thunder,
They felt other Motions, beſides thoſe o' Won- (der:
And tho' they were fortified well wi' Perfume,
They left no commendable Scent in the Room;
So that mighty *Jove* more vex'd than before,
E'nſent 'em to Priſon, and wou'd hear no more.
From that Day to this the Dogs ſmell in vain
At Strangers, expecting their Envoys again.

MORAL.

They ſorry Improvements are likely to make,
Who will againſt Nature Affairs undertake.

FAB. XXXI.

The Herdſman *and* Jupiter.

A Herdſman the Loſs of his Calf much lamented,
To part with a Kid, he was freely conten- (ted,
If *Jove* wou'd afford him the ſorry Relief,
To ſee but ſo much as the Phyz o' the Thief.
The poor ſilly Swain ſcarce ended his Pray'rs,
When a Lion with terrible Whiskers appears:
O *Jove*, ſaid the Fellow, I ſee the Thief plain,
I'll give you a Bull to remove him again.

MORAL.

We often of Heaven our own Miſchief require,
And then 'tis a Bleſſing to loſe our Deſire.

FAB.

FAB. XXXII.

The Ape *and the* Fox.

A Lion had iſſu'd out his Proclamation,
All Beaſts without Tails muſt go out o' the Nation,
So the Ape was equipp'd for Perigrination:
But ſtill ſhe was mightily puzzled to learn,
Why the Fox pack'd his Goods up wi' ſo much Concern;
A Fox, ſays the Ape, has no Cauſe to fear,
For he has Tail large enough, and to ſpare:
But ſoon ſhe had Anſwer; That, that was all one,
If an Abſolute Monarch ſhou'd ſay he had none.

MORAL.

No Innocence can be ſecure from a Flaw,
Where Tyranny Rules, and where Humour is Law.

FAB. XXXIII.

The Trumpeter.

A Trumpeter was taken Pris'ner a ſtrolling,
And when he was taken he fell a cajoling;
Well, Gentlemen, this for my ſelf I can ſay,
I ne're was the Man that engag'd in a Fray:
There's no one among you can ſay, I ſuppoſe,
I e're broke ſo much as a Shin or a Noſe:
And therefore, I hope, you a'n't for indicting
A Perſon that never was guilty o' fighting.

But

But one of the Enemies made this Reply,
For that very Reaſon he rather ſhou'd die,
That being a Coward, and full o' baſe Fears,
He ſet other People together by th' Ears.

MORAL.

Some Villanous People uſe all their Invention,
To make others quarrel, and fall to Contention:
Such pitiful Spirits can baſely deſire,
To burn a Man's Houſe, and warm by the Fire:
But he that contrives, does a Villany further,
As much as the Hands that are dy'd in the Murther.

FAB. XXXIII.

The Hart *and the* Fountain.

A Hart in a Fountain ſurveying his Figure,
Was vex'd at his Legs for being no bigger;
Says he, to my Nature I owe little Thanks,
That have a Pair of ſuch thin Spindle-Shanks:
They look but unſuitable to my fat Haunches,
Or to my large Horns with agreeable Branches.
While thus he was finding o' Fault, and remark-
(ing,
He heard the Men hallow, and all the Dogs
(barking:
Away flies the Hart as ſwift as the Wind,
And leaves all the Dogs and the Danger behind;
Till hamper'd at laſt by the Horns in a Wood,
His Folly too plainly he then underſtood;
His Feet he deſpis'd, had preſerv'd him from Ruin,
The Horns he had honour'd had been his undo-
(ing.

MO-

MORAL.

We in our true Intereſt are ſo ſhort-ſighted,
With what hurts us moſt, we moſt are delighted.

FAB. XXXIV.

The Sun *and the* North-wind.

THE Sun and North-wind, who bluſters and (ſwaggers,
Had quarrel'd, and e'en come to drawing o' (Daggers;
For *Phœbus* imagin'd he cou'd not ſeem more an (Aſs,
Than by yielding Place to this Bully *Boreas*.
In ſhort, 'twas agreed that each ſhou'd do ſome- (thing
To ſhow forth his Pow'r upon a poor Bumpkin:
And he that cou'd firſt with his Cloak make him (part,
Shou'd fairly be own'd of the higheſt Deſert.
The Wind firſt began, and ſo manag'd the Mat- (ter,
That he made the Countryman's Grinders to (chatter;
The more ſtill he bluſter'd the leſs he cou'd rout (him,
The Clown wrapt his Cloak the cloſer about (him:
But when the Sun came with his fiery Ordeal,
The Man was ſo faint that he wanted a Cordial;
He melted ſo faſt with the Splendor Meridian,
That off went the Cloak he was glad to be rid on.

MO-

MORAL.

Men who to all Fury and Rage bid defiance,
Are melted by ſoft eaſy Means to Compliance.

FAB. XXXV.

The Crab *and the* Serpent.

A Serpent and Crab made a Friendſhip together,
A Friendſhip to laſt in all kind o' Weather;
The Crab was downright, but plagu'd with (Heart-burnings,
To find in the Serpent ſuch Windings and Turn- (nings:
This Serpentine Dealing ſo much did provoke (him,
That one Night the Crab took Occaſion to choke (him;
And viewing his Body when Life was quite (ended,
Which lay now at length in a ſtrait Line extend- (ed,
Oh had you but liv'd ſo direct and upright,
Old Crony, ſaid he, you ne're ſhou'd ha' dy'd.

MORAL.

By Honeſty Foes are to Friendſhip invited,
But Treachery ſeparates Friends when united.

FAB.

FAB. XXXVI.

The Partial Judge.

A Farmer once made a Complaint to a Judge,
My Bull, & pleaſe you, Sir, owing a Grudge,
Belike, to one of Your good Worſhip's Cattel,
Has ſlain him outright in a mortal Battel:
I'm ſorry at Heart becauſe of the Action,
And want to know how to make Satisfaction.
Why, you muſt give me your Bull, that's plain,
Says the Judge, or pay me the Price o' the Slain.
But I have miſtaken the Caſe, ſays the Clown,
The dead Bull I talk of, an't pleaſe you's my (own.
The Judge ſoon replies with a ſerious Face,
Say you ſo; this Accident alters the Caſe.

MORAL.

Men greatly delight to have Juſtice ſhown
In any one's Caſe, excepting their own.

FAB. XXXVII.

The Ape *and the* Dolphin.

THE Dolphin, they ſay, has a ſingular Va- (nity;
Which is to doat very much on Humanity;
It chanc'd in a Storm a poor frighted Ape
Was daſh'd from a Ship into the Sea by Miſhap:
The kind-hearted Dolphin to ſuccour him ran,
Suppoſing he had been a ſmall Sort o' Man.

The

The Ape beſtriding the Fiſh, made appear
The Seat and Addreſs of a good Chevalier:
He rode thro' the Surges with no leſs Decorum,
Than when the Bears follow, and Apes ride a-
(fore 'em.
At laſt cries the Dolphin, my Friend, how fare
(ye;
And pray let us hear, what Countryman are ye:
Why, I'm an *Athenian*, the Ape ſtrait replies,
For there my Eſtate and chief Dealing lies;
You know then * *Piræum*? *Piræum*, ſays
(*John*,
Why, he's my old Friend we were al-
(ways all one.
Your Friend, ſays the Dolphin? then at his
(Devotion
I leave you; your Friend's very great wi' the
(Ocean:
So ſlipping betwixt the Ape's Legs with Facility,
He left the *Athenian* to ſhow his Ability.

The Name of an Harbour.

MORAL.

Deceivers are oftentimes left in the Briars.
For none are ſo odious to all Men as Liars.

FAB. XXXVIII.

The Squire *and his* Dogs.

AN Old Country Squire lov'd Dogs at his
(Heart,
And he and his Kennel cou'd ne're dwell apart;
But one Day his Son by a Villanous Hound,
Was bit ſo ſeverely, he died o' the Wound:
Which

Which put the old Spark in ſo grievous a Paſſion,
That on the whole Pack he paſt Condemnation;
So Ringwood, and Jowler, and Rockwood, and Tra,
Tho' harmleſs, were hang'd as they came in the way.

MORAL.

Too often we find that one Man's Impiety,
Has been the Deſtruction of all the Society.

FAB. XXXIX.

The Bear *and the* Fox.

SAYS a Bear to a Fox, it ne're can be ſaid,
I e're was ſo baſe as to prey on the dead;
But yet, ſays the Fox, you deſerve no Thankſ-giving,
You do what is worſe, for you murther the Li-ving.

MORAL.

A proud ſilly Fellow will tell you a Story,
Which turns to his Shame, while he aims at his Glory.

FAB. XL.

The Gardener *and his* Dog.

A Gard'ner's Dog by Misfortune had fell,
And there he lay ready to drown i' the Well;
The Gard'ner needs wou'd aſſiſt the dumb Beaſt,
And the Dog in Requital bit thro' his hard Fiſt:

The

The Gard'ner in Paſſion cries out, if you'r ſo ſtout,
E'en drown, and for me, let who will take ye out.

MORAL.

He ſhows his own Fooliſhneſs, and ill Conditions,
Who hates a true Friend for his good Admonitions.

FAB. XLI.

The Clown *and the* Flies.

A Clown that was vext with abundance o'Flies,
To drive 'em away with a Firebrand tries:
This while he with wonderful Courage eſſays,
His thatcht Habitation is ſet in a Blaze.

MORAL.

The greateſt Misfortunes do often befal,
While Men are impatient to bear with the ſmall.

FAB. XLII.

The Hound *and other* Dogs.

A Hound brought a Hare home which he had out-run,
To ſhow other Dogs what a Feat he had done;
He boaſted how juſtly he merited Praiſe,
And that they ne're ſaw ſuch a Courſe i' their Days:
But while he was bragging and raiſing o' Wonder,
The other Dogs all fell aboard of his Plunder.

M O-

MORAL.

A Boaſter no other Advantage does gain,
But Envy, or Pity for being ſo vain;
'Tis wiſe to be happy without Proclamation,
Unleſs we wou'd ruin our own Expectation.

FAB. XLIII.

The Dull Schoolboy.

A Schoolboy was once ſo dull in his way,
He cou'd not be taught ſo much as great A;
His Schoolfellow jeſted upon his hard Skull;
Nay, hold, ſays the Youngſter, I am not ſo dull;
But if I learn A, which I cou'd ſoon do,
They'l put me to B, C, and all the Croſs Row.
Now that will exceedingly trouble my Gizard,
For learning of A, to be run down to Izard.

MORAL.

'Tis better to enter on no Reſolution,
Than make it, and ne're venture on Execution.

FAB. XLIV.

The Gnat *and the* Lion.

SAYS a Gnat to a Lion, I boldly defy you,
Grim Monarch, whoſe Whiskers fright all (that come nigh you;
You may bite like a Woman, and ſcratch like a (Cat,
Yet I'll make you dread the invincible Gnat:

I give you fair Warning my Force to oppoſe,
Before I begin a Career at your Noſe.
This ſaid, he the Lion attackt in the Snout
So ſmartly, the Monarch was fain to roar out;
And ſtriving to ſuccour himſelf with his Paws,
He tore his own Phiſnomy with his own Claws.
The Gnat having thus the Lion defeated,
Was trapt by a Spider, juſt as ſhe retreated;
And died with Regret, that Fate cou'd deviſe on
No Death, but to blaſt her freſh Lawrels with
(Poiſon.

MORAL.

A Slave can revenge, if provok'd by a King;
A Spider can poiſon, a Gnat has a Sting;
There's no one ſo pow'rful, no one ſo brave,
But may be perplext by a ſly little Knave.

FAB. XLV.

The Dog, Wolf, *and* Aſs.

A Brisk mettled Whelp had a mind to a Duel,
He'd needs fight the Wolf for being ſo
(cruel;
But fearing he might be too weak for Reſiſtance,
He comes to an Aſs, and deſires Aſſiſtance;
For he had a Back ſtrong enough for a Combat,
His Voice too was warlike, and much like a
(Trumpet:
But at the firſt Onſet the Aſs ran away,
And left the young Maſtiff to finiſh the Fray.

MORAL.

It mocks all the Power of Phiſnomy Art,
By outward Proportion to judge of the Heart. *There's*

There's many a beautiful Whore, and a Fool
Without any Senſe in a large Jobber-Noll.

FAB. XLVI.

The Mole *and her* Daughter.

SAYS a Mole to her Dam, I've cauſe to
(thank a Senſe,
That brings thro' my Noſe a Smell o' Frankin-
(ſence:
A little while after ſhe cries out, alas,
What a Noiſe do I hear of hammering Braſs:
A third time ſhe boaſts ſhe cou'd with her dim
(Eye,
Perceive at a very great Diſtance a Chimney.
Good Child, ſays the Mother, e'en prattle no
(more,
Two Senſes you want we ne'er heard of before.

MORAL.

Great Boaſters their palpable Follies reveal,
Which they by their Silence might ſafely conceal.

FAB. XLVII.

The Aſs *and the* Frogs.

'TWas the Fate of an Aſs that carried a Pack,
To make a falſe Step, and fall in a Quag;
He call'd Fortune Slut, and ſaid ſhe was fickle,
To leave a poor Aſs in ſo naſty a Pickle. (vented,
The Frogs round about were quickly con-
And told him he need not be ſo diſcontented;

For he ſcarce had ſuffered one ſhort Hours ſoak-
(ing,
But they muſt live there eternally croaking.

MORAL.

'Tis a Comfort to one in Afflictions to ſee,
That others are much more unhappy than he:
How can we indeed a Misfortune deplore,
When much better People ha' ſuffer'd much more.

FAB. XLVIII.

The Cat *and the* Mice.

A Politick Cat that made it her Trade,
Pickt many a Mouſe up in ſly Ambuſcade;
The Nation was griev'd, that ſo many brave
(Mice
Shou'd thus loſe their Lives and Eſtates in a Trice:
They call a grave Council, whoſe Wit ſhou'd
(determine
Some Means for the beſt Preſervation o'Vermin.
Says one of the Council, all Things will be well,
If round the Cat's Neck we cou'd tie but a Bell;
Then let the Cat come by Night, or by Day,
The Bell will give warning to ſcamper away:
That's true ſaid another, but where ſhall be
(found
A Mouſe that will venture to tie the Bell round.

MORAL.

'Tis eaſy to frame a good bold Reſolution,
But hard is the Task that concerns Execution:

For

For where Life and Fortune muſt lie at the Stake,
No Wiſe Man a deſperate Counſel will take.

FAB. XLIX.

The Devil *and* Sinner.

A Poor drudging Devil had made a hard Shift,
To help out a Sinner at many dead Lift;
At laſt he came to him wi' very bad News,
He brought at his Back a whole Bundle o' Shoes:
All theſe he wore out in running o' Stages,
And now, ſays he, Maſter, pray pay me my
(Wages.

MORAL.

An ill Man can never be truly ſecure,
For Vengeance deferr'd falls heavy and ſure.

FAB. L.

A Wolf *and a* Porcupine.

A Wolf asks a Porcupine, why ſtill in Armour?
As if ſhe was jealous that ſome one wou'd
(harm her;
When e'er I come nigh you, ſays he, your Quills
(rattle,
As if you were ready to charge in Battel.
I never wou'd ask, if I thought you were vicious,
But now you are honeſt, pray, why ſo ſuſpici-
(ous?
Believe me, when Beaſts bear each other Good-
(will,
'Tis odd to go fortified all o're with Quill.

The Porcupine anſwers, in ſpight of your Rea-
(ſon,
Where Wolves are, my Armour is always in Sea-
(ſon.

MORAL.

When a Knave is a Friend, we then may divine,
He ſurely is hatching ſome evil Deſign;
But thoſe of all others they ſooneſt deceive,
Who are moſt by Nature inclin'd to believe.

FAB. LI.

The Snake *and the* Hedghog.

A Hedghog that was on his Journey benighted,
A Snake very kindly to Shelter invited:
The Hedghog approv'd of the Lodging ſo well,
The Snake cou'd no more get him out of the Cell,

MORAL.

Take heed who it is that you take for your Friend,
Leſt he prove the worſt Foe you have in the End.

FAB. LII.

The Farmer *and his* Dog.

A Farmer come home, and his Cradle he found
Turn'd quite topſie turvey, the Cloths on
(the Ground;
He frown'd at his Dog by the Cradle that ſtood;
And ſeeing his Mouth ſmeer'd over with Blood,
He

He ſtab'd him in Anger, without looking fur-
(ther;
He took it for granted his Dog had done Mur-
(ther:
But turning the Cradle, he found his Miſtake,
The Child was alive, but there lay a dead Snake,
Which the poor faithful Cur, to ſtay a Diſaſter,
Had ſlain in Defence of his hard-hearted Maſter.

MORAL.

Tho' haſty Revenge be imagin'd a Pleaſure,
A Man may ha' time to repent it at Leiſure.

FAB. LIII.

The Lark *and her* Young Ones.

THE Harveſt was nigh, and the Lark was
(employ'd
Some Victuals for all her young Birds to provide;
And as ſhe went out, Dear Children, ſaid ſhe,
If Men talk of Corn be ſure you tell me:
Pray mark what I ſay, and take care to learn,
For this does our Lives and our Fortunes concern.
Ah, Mother, ſay they, when ſhe came home at
(Night,
Our Landlord has put us all in a ſad Fright;
For he has giv'n Orders to ſend for his Friends,
And with them to morrow to reap he intends.
The Old one replies, we the Reapers defy,
As long as our Landlord on Friends ſhall rely.
The next Day the Lark went abroad once more,
And left the ſame Charge with her Young, as
(before.

My Landlord perceiving Friends mock Expe-
(ctations,
Son, ſays he, to morrow go call our Relations.
This Story the Birds told at Night to their Mo-
(ther:
Says ſhe, his Relations will do like the other.
When all People fail'd him, the Farmer ſaid, Son,
Let's do it our ſelves, if we'd have the Work done.
At this the Old Lark cry'd now there's no tam-
(p'ring,
ToMorrow we all muſt prepare to be ſcamp'ring.

MORAL.

In vain from our Friends we Aſſiſtance expect,
If we our own ſelves our own Buſineſs neglect.
In other Mens Matters that Zeal's never ſhown,
Which People are us'd to expreſs in their own.

FAB. LIV.

The Monkey *and* Cat.

SOme Cheſtnuts in Embers did roaſt by the
(Fire,
A Monkey obſerv'd 'em wi' longing Deſire;
But how to come near 'em, no Method he ſaw,
Becauſe he was fearful of burning his Paw;
At laſt catching hold of a Cat that ſat by him,
He poakt with her Paw till the Cheſtnuts came
(nigh him.

MORAL.

A ſly Politician to gain his own Ends,
Makes bold with his Inſtruments, which he calls
Friends.

FAB.

FAB. LV.

The Sick Lion, Fox *and* Wolf.

A Lion was very ſick and kept his Bed,
The Beaſts came to ſee how his Majeſty did;
No Beaſt was away but the Fox: The Wolf cry'd
The Fox was a Beaſt of ſingular Pride,
He highly preſum'd on his Parts and his Senſe,
And thought it beneath him to wait on his Prince:
The Fox heard the cloſe of the Wolf's fine Ora-
(tion,
And coming in ſaw that the King was in Paſſion,
And therefore ſaid He— I ſee many here
Who full o' concern and condoling appear,
But I have allow'd my ſelf no kind of eaſe
To find out a Cure for your Highneſs Diſeaſe;
And now I may ſay I've a Secret of Nature
That ſoon will reſtore the moſt languiſhing Crea-
(ture;
The Med'cine in ſhort, which You die if you lack,
Is a Wolf's-skin laid hot to your Majeſty's back:
The Cure was *probatum*, the Wolf he was fated
To be ſuperficially Excoriated;
You ſee, ſaid the Fox, while he skin'd him, what
(labour
I take here to teach you to ſlander your Neigh-
(bour.

MORAL.

They who to do Miſchief their Buſineſs have made,
Have by their own Stratagems oft been betray'd.

FAB.

FAB. LVI.

The Parrot *and other* Birds.

THE Cage was of Gold where a Prince kept a Parrot,
A Fortunate Bird, which others did ſtare at;
One day round about him, a whole Congregation
Were gather'd 'twixt Envy and Admiration;
They'd fain know the Reaſon that did him promote
Who was but a Coward dreſt in a gay Coat:
O! I, ſays the Parrot, am witty in Prating,
And what the King talks of I'm ſtrait imitating.

MORAL.

He in the Court-way is an idle Preſumer
Who can't pleaſe the Great and flatter their Humour.
A plain-dealing Man will ne'er earn his wages
But ſoft oyly Talkers dwell in the fine Cages,

FAB. LVII.

The Diſobedient Son *and his* Child.

A Baſe Son his Father ſo ill had intreated,
That of his Eſtate the Old Squire was cheated;
And forc't in an Hoſpital to hide his head,
Where other good People ſupply'd him wi'bread;
One day the old Father his Son chanc't to ſpy,
And call'd to him as he paſt careleſly by;

And

And one pair of Sheets was all his Requeſt,
From him that his plentiful Fortune poſſeſt.
The Son when the Father no more did require,
Was aſham'd to deny ſuch a modeſt deſire;
And calling his Child, here take the Sheets, and Sir,
See that you deliver 'em ſafe to your Grandſire:
The Father ſoon heard he deliver'd but one,
And askt the ſmall Varlet why thus he had done?
Young Graceleſs replies, I kept it for you;
When Old, you may dwell in the Hoſpital too.

MORAL.

Unmerciful Children, too commonly find
That Providence pays 'em at laſt in their kind.

FAB. LVIII.

The Bitch *big with Young.*

A Big-bellied Bitch, in a doleful Condition
To one of her Goſſips made humble Petition;
Good Neighbour ſaid ſhe let a Kindneſs be done (me,
Pray lend me your Kennel, my pains are upon me;
Yes, with all my Heart, the Goſſip reply'd,
To one in your pickle it can't be deny'd:
But Danger once paſt, it was her deſire
She'd take up her Puppies and homeward retire;
Good Neighbour, ſays t'other, let's ſtay ſomewhat (longer,
Till Puppies can ſee, and grow ſomewhat (ſtronger:
Soon after the Puppies ſo valiant were grown,
That they and the Bitch made the Kennel their (own.

MO-

MORAL.

Be prudently Kind; ſome ſpeak fair to pleaſe ye,
Who ſoon will abuſe you for being ſo eaſy.

FAB. LIX.

The Hare *and the* Sparrow.

AN Eagle had ſeiz'd in her Claws a poor Hare,
Who beg'd for her Life with many a Tear;
A Sparrow ſat by, ſaying, Where is the Speed,
You Hares do pretend to, of which you had need?
The Name of a Racer will little avail you,
If in time of danger your Petty-Toes fail you.
While thus the Impertinent Sparrow did talk,
Her ſelf unawares was ſeiz'd by the Hawk;
The Hare, even dying, ſome Pleaſure did find,
To ſee the vain Sparrow ſerv'd in the ſame kind.

MORAL.

There's no one ſo ready to give his Advice
To others, as he who himſelf is unwiſe.

FAB. LX.

The Fly *and the* Ant.

SAys a Fly to an Ant, I'm a Perſon o' Quality,
And you're a Poltron and full o' Raſcallity;
I fly in the Air with a brave Active Soul,
You creep on the ground round your own naſty
(Hole:

To

To pilfer Men's Corn your ſcandalous Trade is,
While I live wi' Princes and kiſs the great Ladies:
I always am Welcome, tho' never invited,
With raviſhing Muſick my Ears are delighted;
Each day I regale with Wine and high Diet,
While Grains and fair Water ſecure you from Riot:
And now a'nt you ſorry that Stepmother Nature
Did ever produce ſuch a poor drudging Creature?
To all this the Ant made a modeſt Reply,
I freely confeſs that my Birth is not high;
'Tis true you have Wings to fly up and down,
And I have got Feet to walk on the Ground.
Secure in the Earth no Dangers I dread,
For Tempeſts and Meteors fly over my Head:
I live upon Corn and Water, 'tis true,
But yet am as healthy and happy as you.
But you Mr. Fly wou'd not be ſo thriving,
Were you to take pains like me for your Living:
For you know you are call'd by all you come
(nigh,
Impertinent, impudent, troubleſome Fly:
You're nauſeous confeſs'd whereever you go,
And yet you pretend to the Life of a Beau:
Becauſe what you taſte is preſently ſcented,
Was that noble Engine the Fly-flap invented.
Methinks ſuch a thing univerſally hated,
To be proud and ſcornful was never created:
In Summer you're lewd, and drink Sack and
(Claret,
In Winter you'll ſtarve like a Whore in a Gar-
(ret.

MORAL.

In all Converſation 'tis prudent to wave your
Faſtidious Deportment and lofty Behaviour;
Compariſons odiouſly often are made,
Which ſmartly and ſhamefully may be repay'd:
We ſay what we will, and ſcorn to repent it;
We hear what we wou'd not, and muſt be contented.

FAB. LXI.

The Frogs *and the* Sun.

A Groundleſs Report was round the Fens (carry'd,
The Sun was in Love, and wou'd ſoon be (marry'd;
The Frogs fell a croking in ſad diſmal Notes,
Jove ask'd 'em the Reaſon they ſet up their (Throats:
Say they, if one Sun ſo ſcorch our Complexion,
If more ſhou'd be born we ſhou'd ha' no Pro- (tection.
So your Majeſty's dutiful Subjects the Frogs,
Wou'd boil in the Fens and bake in the Bogs.

MORAL.

The World has ſo many bad People, we need
Deſire to have but few more of the Breed.

FAB. LXII.

The Dying Eagle.

AN hungry Eagle that ſat watching Hares,
Was with a ſwift Arrow ſhot thro' una-
(wares,
It was a great Grief juſt as ſhe departed
To look at the Arrow with which ſhe was
(darted;
It ſeems that the Shaft which the Miſchief did
(bring
Was made up wi' Feathers took from her own
(Wing.

MORAL.

No little Vexation a Perſon attends,
Who finds thoſe his Foes whom he took for his Friends;
Yet thoſe are moſt wretched whoſe Miſeries wholly
Are owing to nothing elſe but their own Folly.

FAB. LXIII.

The Fowler *and* Partridge.

A Partridge enſnar'd, begg'd hard for ſome
(Favour,
She'd ſoon pay the Fowler the Life that he gave
(her;
For ſhe cou'd decoy Birds of the ſame Feather,
And ſo he might take a whole Covey together;
Nay, anſwers the Fowler, a treacherous Spirit
Scarce merits a ſcandalous Life to inherit;
Who'll

Who'll ſpare a baſe Bird, that for private Ends
Makes not the leaſt Scruple to ruin her Friends.

MORAL.

There's nothing ſo vile or ſo baſe as a Traitor,
Ev'n they who moſt need 'em abhor their ill Nature.

FAB. LXIV.

The Fox *and* Cock.

THE Fox in a Snare, and in danger o' Life,
Begg'd hard of a Cock to procure him a (Knife;
The Cock made as if he'd the Favour ha' done (him,
But calling his Maſter he brought him upon him:
Now when the Fox ſaw that Sentence muſt paſs,
He reckon'd himſelf an Egregious Aſs;
To think that the Cock wou'd befriend him in (diſtreſs,
Who oft had robb'd Hen-Rooſts and eaten his (Miſtreſs.

MORAL.

That Perſon a great deal o' Weakneſs do's ſhow,
Who needs will provoke, and then truſt to a Foe.

FAB.

FAB. LXV.

The Mouſe *and the* Frog.

A Travelling Mouſe wou'd fain paſs a Moat,
But cou'd not get over for want of a Boat.
At laſt a ſtout Frog wou'd needs undertake
To carry her over upon his broad Back;
And left the Mouſe periſh by Streſs o' bad Wea-
(ther,
He ties his own Leg and the Mouſe's together:
But when they had got i' the midſt o' the Water,
Then down ducks the Frog, and draws the
(Mouſe after.
The Mouſe very earneſtly ſtruggles for Life,
Till a Kite in the Air obſerving the Strife,
Stoops downward, and ſeizes the Mouſe in her
(Claws,
The String at her Foot the Frog likewiſe draws,
The Kite eat 'em both; ſo did the Frog find
As little Compaſſion, as he had deſign'd.

MORAL.

The Juſtice of Heaven our ill Actions ſurveys,
And in his own way th' Oppreſſor repays;
He loves Miſchief well, who ventures to do't,
Tho he ruins himſelf, and his Children to boot.

FAB. LXVI.

Jupiter *and the* Tortoiſe.

A Tortoiſe to *Jove* a Petition did make,
To carry her Houſe up and down at her
(Back.
To carry your Houſe is a Toil, ſaid the God,
To think it a Favour looks wonderful odd.
Said ſhe, I wi' Patience ſubmit to the Labour,
To move when I pleaſe from a troubleſome
(Neighbour.

MORAL.

To live near a Neighbour that's given to Strife,
Is almoſt as bad as to have an ill Wife.

FAB. LXVII.

The Shepherd *and his* Dog.

A Shepherd was kind to his Dog, and wou'd
(treat
The Cur ev'ry Day with Plenty of Meat:
This Dog who the Wolf wou'd never connive at,
Himſelf now and then eat a Lamb up in Private;
At laſt being found a committing o' Murther,
His Maſter wou'd kill him, and truſt him no
(further.
The Dog wou'd fain have his Fault to be Venial,
And pray'd him in Pity to ſpare an old Menial.
Ne'er hope, ſays the Shepherd, to 'ſcape, I'll aſ-
(ſure 'ye,
I ſooner wou'd pardon the Wolf in my Fury:
His

His Hate is profeſt, and he do's not pretend
To Treachery, under the Name of a Friend.

MORAL.

A Man wou'd more Favour to Enemies uſe,
Than thoſe who the Title of Friendſhip abuſe.

FAB. LXVIII.

The Monkey *and* Walnuts.

A Monkey heard Walnuts extreamly commend-
(ed,
And of 'em to make a full Meal he intended;
To climb the high Tree, no Scruple he made,
For robbing of Orchards had been his old Trade;
There ſitting in State, he pulls off a Nut,
And bites it, and finds it as bitter as Soot;
He ſputters a while, and makes a Grimace;
'Tis unripe, a freſh Trial may alter the Caſe:
He bites at another, and Two or Three more,
The laſt ſtill is worſe than he taſted before:
They nettle his Mouth in the higheſt Degree,
Is this the rare Fruit they talk of, ſaid he?
The World ſure is fooliſh, or elſe full o' Knavery;
For I never taſted a Thing ſo unſavoury.
So the Pains he had taken in clambring, grudg-
(ing,
He ſlid down the Tree, and departed in Dudgeon.

MORAL.

Men blame ill Succeſs and fall in a Paſſion,
Whereas the Fault lies i' their ill Application;

He that can't with Patience ſome Bitterneſs meet,
Can plead little Merit to that which is ſweet.

FAB. LXIX.

The Image *to be Sold.*

A Carver a *Mercury* made out' o' Wood,
And without a Chapman a long while he ſtood;
At laſt out he brings it, and there makes a Speech,
Here, who'll buy a God that will make a Man Rich?
Says one, if your God is ſo free of his Pelf,
Ne're offer to ſell him, but keep him your ſelf.
The Artiſt replies, the God's Money's ſure,
But then it comes ſlow, which I can't endure:
If you, Friend, can ſtay, you'll have Kindneſs done 'ye;
But I am in haſte, and want ready Money.

MORAL.

He that doats on Money his Friend will betray,
His God or his Faith, all that comes in his way;
So here he takes Pleaſure, and has his Diverſion,
He freely reſigns all the World in Reverſion.

FAB. LXX.

The Farmer *and his* Oxen.

HIS Oxen a Countryman came to look after,
And found 'em all very much tickled wi' Laughter;
Demanding

Demanding the Reaſon; we dreamt, ſay they,
(Maſter,
Laſt Night, that you led us to delicate Pa-
(ſture:
The Maſter replies, but Dreams often vary;
For I dream't o' Plowing, and that's quite con-
(trary:
Now as to the Conſequence, I make no doubt
But your Dream will fail you, and mine will
(be out.

MORAL.

A Man that relies upon Dreaming and Viſion,
Diſturbs his own Brain, and occaſions Deriſion.

FAB. LXXI.

The Wolf *and the* Carved Head.

A Wolf in deſert Places bred
Amidſt Old Ruins found
The Image of a Poet's Head
With Bays and Lawrel crown'd.
Said he, the Carver in each Feature
Has ſhown great Skill and Pains,
But Art can't mend Defects in Nature,
Nor furniſh Wooden Heads wi' Brains.

MORAL.

In vain all other Graces meet,
If ſtill the Perſon's indiſcreet.

FAB. LXXII.

The Viper *and the* File.

A Viper full of Venom's Spite,
In a Smith's Shop a File wou'd bite:
Her Ignorance the File derided,
Which was by ſenſeleſs Malice guided;
And ſaid if ſhe one Doit wou'd pay,
She ſhould have leave to bite all day,
'Till Teeth and Gums were worn away.
A fooliſh Vermin's angry Jaws,
In ſolid Steel can make no flaws.

MORAL.

Ye little Criticks, as your due,
This Fable is addreſt to you,
Who being of inferior Merit,
Bite all that is above your Spirit:
Gen'rous in this, you're ſeldom known
To rail at Wit beneath your own.

FAB. LXXIII.

The Ox *and the* Dog.

AN Ox would fain have eat ſome Hay,
A Mungrel in the Manger lay,
And bark'd and kept him at a bay.
Says the curſt Cur you may be gone,
This Provender is all my own;
And tho' for me it is no Meat, yet
I hate to ſee another eat it.

MO-

MORAL.

Some cannot, and ſome dare not write,
And ſo e'en let 'em ſnarl and bite,
And other petty Scriblers fright;
And much good do them with their Spite.

FAB. LXXIV.

The Graſhopper *and the* Ant.

A Graſhopper all Summer long
Had charm'd the Reapers with a Song,
But when the cruel Winter came in,
She trudg'd about and cry'd out Famine;
Diſtreſſed, pennyleſs and poor,
She's forc'd to beg at an Ant's door:
The Ant ne'er much the Poor aſſiſted;
(His Nature is to be cloſe-fiſted;)
So he demands, looking askew,
All Summer long what did you do?
And't pleaſe your Honour, day and night,
My Voice did all the Woods delight.
The Ant replies, pleaſe me? Why yes,
Your Sing-Songs do not me diſpleaſe:
But ſince in Summer 'tis your way
To ſing and rant the live-long Day,
I'll bid your Harmony adieu;
E'en dance away the Winter too.

MORAL.

Few pity thoſe who on the ſcore
Of their own Luxury are poor;
But rather ſcornful Language give,
And rail for fear they ſhou'd relieve.

FAB. LXXV.

The Oak *and the* Reed.

AN Oak and a Reed grew almoſt together,
One braves out the Wind, t'other yields to (the Weather:
The Oak in a good pleaſant Humour one day,
Wou'd needs on her Neighbour's Agility play:
Said he, I believe ſhould we ſearch over Nature,
You cannot be match'd for a flexible Creature;
The Wind cannot blow, but ſo civil you're (found,
You ſtrait make your Honours quite down to (the Ground:
I wonder in *Ovid* we never do read,
How ſome Dancing-Maſter was chang'd to a (Reed;
And ſo ever after Reeds love to be ſhowing
Their excellent Talent at cringing and bowing.
Behold how undaunted I bravely defy
The mad noiſy Tempeſts that rage in the Sky.
I fear not your Meteors that hang in a Cloud,
Nor *Jove*'s mighty Thunder, tho' dreadful and (loud;
While you at each Breeze ſtill tremble and (quiver,
As if with an Ague you always did ſhiver.
While this was a ſpeaking, the Wind 'gan to (blow,
The Storm was ſo high that it made the Oak (bow;

His

His Roots to the Center was ſtretch'd out in vain,
The Earth gave a Groan as he fell on the Plain.
The Reed who her Head to the Tempeſt did lore,
Soon roſe up again as ſecure as before.

MORAL.

'Tis weakneſs to be ſtout and wiſe,
He's ſafe at Court who moſt complies.
They who the greateſt Wit profeſs,
Yield to the People that have leſs.
They muſt their Paſſions well command,
Who long will grow and ſafe will ſtand.

FAB. LXXVI.

The Aſs *and the* Idol.

AN Aſs on his back bore a gay Idol God,
And down o' their Knees fell the Mob in (the Road:
The Aſs upon this grew wonderful proud,
Suppoſing himſelf was ador'd by the Crowd.
But ſoon he was told, 'twa'nt his Phyz or his (Motion,
But the thing on his Back that rais'd the Devotion.

MORAL.

When a Magiſtrate's weak he meets wi' neglect,
And 'tis his Robes only that cauſes Reſpect.
Such Honours are paid to his Majeſty's Chair,
We worſhip the Throne when the King is not there.

FAB.

FAB. LXXVII.

The Waggoner *and* Hercules.

A Fellow whoſe Waggon was ſet in bad Ways,
Falls down on his Knees, and to *Hercules* (prays;
Your help good *Alcides*, your hand good Brother,
'Tis fit that one Carman ſhould help out another.
Says the God that helps no body more than he (needs,
Clap your Shoulders, you Booby, and don't tell (your Beads.

FAB. LXXVIII.

The Lion *and* Stag.

DEath had from the Woods ſnatch'd a Lioneſs (fair,
And drove a poor Lion almoſt to deſpair:
He tore up the Ground, and rav'd for his Bride,
His Heart almoſt fainted away in his ſide.
In vain came his Doctors, he ſtill kept his Cham- (ber;
His Spirits were ſunk beneath *Caſtor* and *Amber*:
No volatile Bottles could help to recover,
And raiſe up the Heart of this deſperate Lover.
So all the Subjects that were in the Nation,
Were griev'd for his Majeſty's Conſternation.
And every Sorrow now ſeem'd to be double,
Both for the Queen's loſs and his Majeſty's trouble.

The

The young Lions roar'd in hideous Degrees,
They made the Rocks eccho, and frighted the Trees.
The King's Royal Miſtreſs made a ſad Din;
And nothing but Mourning and Sorrow is ſeen.
For when any Prince is afflicted or ſad,
The Court in Civility all muſt be mad:
A Courtier's Paſſions depend on the King,
And when he is pleaſant their Spirits take wing.
So Flies move and buſtle about in the Sun,
That neither have Motion or Life of their own.
The *Iriſh* Mourners ſo fam'd for the Sport,
Are nothing to thoſe that are bred up at Court:
For they will not grieve or make Lamentation,
Without ſome valuable Conſideration.
But in a right Courtier it is Petty Treaſon,
If he cannot grieve and be glad without Reaſon.
But now to return to the Fable. The Stag
Seem'd more than the reſt in Affection to flag.
A flattering Courtier that had the King's Ear,
Proteſted the Stag did the Lioneſs jeer.
(Indeed the dead Princeſs it ſeems made away
With his Wife and Family all in a day;
And this was the Reaſon that he for his part,
Could not at her Funeral ſhew a ſad Heart.)
But as to the King his Paſſion aroſe,
Says he, ſorry Creature, the vileſt o' Foes;
Shall thy little Pride preſume to prophane
The Sorrow majeſtick of me and my Train?
When Nature is ſad, ſhall thy Folly be pleas'd,
And ſmile at the Fate of the Royal deceas'd?
Go, Wolf, fall upon him, let Juſtice be done,
And let the Slave's Life for his Madneſs attone.

At

At this the poor Stag fell down on his Knees,
And offer'd his Life the King's Wrath to appeaſe;
But yet if his Majeſty valued his Laws,
He pray'd he would let him defend his own
(Cauſe.
And thus he proceeded, " O Excellent Prince,
" The Days of Affliction are ended long ſince.
" Shall therefore my Sorrow for our happy Queen,
" Now all out o' Seaſon appear to be ſeen?
" Your Royal Conſort lies in Sacred Ground,
" With lovely Violets and Roſes crown'd;
" Nature wi' Flowers does beautify her Urn,
" With fading Sweets upon her Grave they
(mourn.
" Nay, as I hither came to ſee your Grace,
" I ſaw her lovely Image by me paſs.
" Glorious ſhe ſeem'd and moſt divinely Fair,
" Ambroſial Odors breathing from her Hair:
" My Friend, ſaid ſhe, your needleſs Grief refrain,
" I in *Elyſian* Groves my State retain;
" Where happy Souls raviſht with heav'nly Light,
" Enjoy in Peace ineffable Delight:
" O tell the King of this immortal Reſt,
" He cannot grieve for one divinely bleſt.
" Thus ſaid, ſhe vaniſh'd from my wiſhing Eyes,
" And left me loſt in Pleaſure and Surprize.
Thus ended the Stag: The King ſtrait ſuppoſes
His Lady enjoy'd a new *Apotheoſis*;
And ſoon all the Court agree to the Notion,
To honour the Queen with the higheſt Devotion:
He ſtrait for the Stag a fine Preſent prepares,
And makes his Accuſer to loſe both his Ears.
Such are all the Great, if you flatter 'em finely:
Whatever you ſay ſhall be ſpoken divinely:

Let

Let Paſſion ariſe up as high as a Storm;
Be humble, and flatter you meet wi' no harm:
Sweet words have a Pow'r to ſtupify pain,
They'll hug and embrace, and befriend you again.

FAB. LXXIX.

The Partridge *and the* Game Chickens.

A Poor ſilly Partridge was forc'd to be picking
Some crums for a living among the Game-
(chicken;
But yet the poor wretch cou'd ne'er eat in quiet,
They beat her and ſpurr'd her away from her diet;
So finding her forces too weak for reſiſtance,
She ſat and bemoan'd her own fate at a diſtance:
At laſt ſhe perceiv'd that the Birds of a feather,
Wou'd frequently quarrel, and skirmiſh together;
And then ſhe reſolv'd to make no more pother,
They us'd her as well as they did one another.

MORAL.

'Tis beſt to keep diſtance, and be as a Stranger,
To thoſe who are very much giv'n to Anger:
Can he to another be gentle and kind,
Who plagues his own ſelf with a paſſionate Mind?

FAB. LXXX.

The Cock *and the* Fox.

A Cock in his Voice not a little delighted,
Perceiving his Noiſe the great Lion had
(frighted;
So

So when the Fox came, he ſet up his Throat,
In hopes to have ſcar'd him away with a Note:
The Fox eat his Hens up, and gave him a jeer,
No Raven, ſaid he, ever whiſtled ſo clear.

MORAL.

Wiſe Men are not ſubject to thoſe little fits,
That ſcare ſilly People quite out o' their wits.

FAB. LXXXI.

The Widow *and her* Hen.

THere once was a Widow, whoſe chief Treaſure lay,
In a Hen laying Eggs almoſt every Day;
She fooliſhly fed her wi' Diet in plenty,
Suppoſing for one Egg, ſhe now ſhou'd ha' twenty:
The Hen growing fat, wou'd lay Eggs no more;
So the Hen grew fat, and my Dame grew poor.

MORAL.

That Man is a Saint, and deſerves Commendation,
Whom Plenty and Pleaſure can't lead to Temptation.

FAB. LXXXII.

The Wolf *and the* Dog.

A Thin-gutted Wolf, admir'd the grace
Of Towzer, who ſeem'd in an excellent caſe:
The Dog ſmil'd upon him, and told him that He,
If willing, might live in abundance of Glee:

Leave

Leave therefore, ſays he, this Wood where you (ſnivel,
And lead a wild life like a poor hungry Devil:
You daily here venture your Blood for your Meat,
Oblig'd to do Miſchief before you can eat.
In this ſorry place it ſeems a great Wonder,
If you are not famiſht for want o' good Plunder.
All this to the Wolf ſeem'd ſavoury ſtuff,
And Towzer's propoſal was lik'd well enough;
And yet he wou'd know what his Services were,
By which he might merit ſuch excellent fare:
Why nothing, ſays Towzer, but bark out and roar,
And drive a blind Beggar away from the door:
Perhaps wag your Tail at people above ye,
Which is a ſmall policy to make 'em love ye:
You'll find in requital your hungry gullet
Shall feaſt o' Veal bones, or the ſcraps of a Pullet;
Nay more than all this, now and then you and I
May ſhare the thick Wall of a ſturdy Swan Pye:
With twenty Kick-ſhaws, which now I don't tell
In ſhort, they are all very good for the Belly. (ye, (ter,

The Wolf having heard to the end o' the Chap-
Stood ſilent a while in a very great Rapture;
And when he conſider'd ſuch excellent keeping,
His joy was ſo great that he e'en fell a weeping.
But as they jog'd on, diſcourſing and jeſting,
The Wolf chanc'd to ſtart out an unlucky queſtion;
For ſeeing the neck of the Dog ſomewhat bare,
Friend Towzer, ſays he, what's become o' the hair;
That's not worth your notice, ſays Towzer, hairs
Perhaps 'tis the Collar I'm ty'd up withal; (fall,
Ty'd up, ſays the Wolf; what, have you no leiſure
To go up and down in the Town at your pleaſure?

If

If not, fare you well with all your good cheer,
Some folk are ſo wiſe as to buy Gold too dear:
Your Chains, and your Halters, I never ſhall need
('em;
For my part, I'd rather have famine and freedom.

FAB. LXXXIII.

The Gooſe *and her* Goſlin.

SAys a Gooſe to her Goſlin, Child think o' my
(rule,
And don't you go nodding your head like a fool:
The Goſlin, to alter her gate, ſtrait intended,
But found 'twas in vain to endeavour to mend it:
The Gooſe to her Legs ties two little ſticks,
To wean off her child from ſuch wadling tricks:
But ſtriving to manage the Stilts, ſhe wan't able,
To walk, or to ſwim, or ſo much as to dabble:
Nay, ſays the Old Gooſe, ne'er let it be ſed,
But that at the leaſt you cou'd hold up your head.
The Goſlin ſtrait perks up her head, and crieſo!
Now how ſhall I do to ſee where I go?
Nay then, ſays the old one, if this be your anſwer,
E'en waddle and noddle, and go like your Grand-
(ſire.

MORAL.

'Twere happy if each ſilly Creature,
Wou'd not perverſly ſtrive wi' Nature:
Men ſpend their Time, employ their Wit,
In ways for which they are unfit.

FAB.

FAB. LXXXIV.

The Shepherd *and the* Fiſh.

HArd by a Stream, where Nature ſet
The Primroſe and the Violet;
There *Thirſis* ſat, the Shepherd's pride,
And fair *Amynta* by his ſide;
He needs wou'd ſing a Song divine,
While fair *Amynta* held the Line:
A Line from which a Net depended,
Which to catch Gudgeons was intended.
But tho' rare melody he made,
The Fiſh ſcarce minded what he ſaid;
Tho' He his tuneful Voice did raiſe,
And charm'd 'em with the fair one's praiſe:

" Ye nimble Fiſh, that ſweetly glide
" With ſilver Scales againſt the Tide;
" Leave for a while your Rocks o' Shell,
" Where with the *Naides* you dwell:
" A Nymph more bright than any there,
" Do's on your flow'ry Banks appear:
" Who wou'd not be a Captive made,
" By ſuch a fair enchanting Maid?
" She will for you a Pond prepare,
" Tranſparent as bright Cryſtals are;
" 'Twill pleaſe ye ſure at laſt to dye,
" When the fair Nymph ſits Fiſhing by:
" While ſhe her Iv'ry Hands employs,
" To honour your laſt Obſequies.

In vain the Shepherd thus in Rhime
Idled, and pip'd away his time;

'Till on the Bank his Flute he laid,
And e'en fell to his Fiſhing-trade:
He caſt his Net at farther diſtance,
And ſo with the fair Nymph's aſſiſtance,
He got a quantity of Fiſh,
That made a very handſome Diſh.

MORAL.

Wiſe Politicians plod in vain,
With fine Harangues the Mob to gain;
Ruggeder Ways are often beſt,
To tame the Many-headed Beaſt:
Becauſe like Ruſſian *Wives they prove,*
And by ill Uſage learn to love.

FAB. LXXXV.

The Crab *and her* Daughter.

AN Old Mother Crab thus ſchool'd her young (Wench,
Girl, turn out your Toes, & walk like the *French*:
Move decently forward, obſerve the Bon-grace,
And don't you crawl backward with that awk- (ward pace;
But ſoon ſhe was anſwer'd by Madam her Daugh- (ter,
Pray lead you the way, and I'll ſoon follow after.

MORAL.

Example to Vertue the Heart more engages,
Than all the fine Sayings of Doctors and Sages:
In vain are good Words, if your Actions don't ſuit;
While you talk like an Angel, and live like a Brute.

FAB. LXXXVI.

The Reforming Rat.

A Rat growing old, wou'd become a new Rat;
It ſeems the World taſted inſipid and flat:
He now wou'd forſake it with very great Eaſe,
And end all his Days in an old *Holland* Cheeſe.
The Fame o' the Vermin ſoon ſpread far and near,
A Rat was ne'er known ſo preciſe and ſevere:
Till ſome of his Neighbours in very bad Weather,
Came all to his Cell to petition together.
Their City *Ratopolis* was ſo infeſted
By Squadrons of Cats, who the place had inveſted;
That all the poor Country-Rats in the Nation,
Were ruin'd by Plunder and Devaſtation.
As ſoon as my Hoſt had heard all the Story,
He ſtroakt down his Beard, very grave, very hoary;
I pity, ſaid he, your Affictions, and Cares;
And you may be ſure you ſhall all ha' my Pray'rs;
For theſe are the things I ſuppoſe you require,
Of me that am only a poor ſorry Fryar:
But as to the World, I ha' giv'n it o're,
Like you, honeſt Friends, I am helpleſs and poor,
So I pray you be gone, and don't nibble my door.
Then he made a grave Bow, beg'd all their Excuſes,
For he muſt e'en live as becomes the Recluſes.

MORAL.

A Mortified ſowre Phariſaical Face,
Is not an Infallible Token of Grace;
Poor Vertue is oft in a helpleſs Condition,
And made a meer Stale to Intrigues and Ambition.
Put a great deal o' this World, and ſomewhat o' t'other;
Put Holineſs, Pride and Ill-nature together:

And all Men of Senſe will be forc'd to confeſs,
Religion's burleſqu'd in ſo antick a Dreſs.

FAB. LXXXVII.

The Cat *and the* Cock.

A Hungry Cat ſeiz'd a Cock in her Claws,
And thus the poor Bird wou'd ha' pleaded his (Cauſe:
Pray what is the Crime of which I'm indicted;
If I do amiſs, I'll endeavour to right it?
You crow, ſays the Cat, with a very ſhrill Voice,
And no one can ſleep for your Sow-gelder Noiſe.
Alas, ſays the Cock, my Crowing's a Warning,
For Servants to get up betimes in the Morning:
Moreover, ſays Puſs, you're Inceſtuous, they ſay,
And Mother or Siſter's all one in your way:
By this, ſays the Cock, all the Houſe is ſupplied,
And we have got Eggs for the Market beſide.
You trifle, ſays Puſs, no Excuſe can defend you,
The Claws o' grim Juſtice are ready to end ye.

MORAL.

He who is by Nature revengeful and cruel,
All Paſſion and Fire, can never want Fuel:
There is no Excuſe ſo odd and ſo ſenſeleſs,
But do's well enough to oppreſs the defenceleſs.

FAB. LXXXVIII.

The Fox *and the* Crane.

A Cunning Fox invites a Crane,
Not that he car'd to entertain,
Nor lov'd the Bird that he did treat,
But for a Jeſt to ſhow his Wit: He

He ſpreads a Cawdle o'er the Table,
To make a better he wan't able;
And Mr. Crane, ſince you are come,
Fall to, be free as if it home:
Lord, Sir, what makes you eat ſo little?
I fear you do not like your Victual:
The Crane cou'd not take up a drop,
But bow'd, and ſwore 'twas heav'nly Soop:
And begg'd with wonderful Humility,
He might return the ſame Civility.
The Courteous Fox vouchſaf'd the Grace;
The Treat was in a narrow Glaſs;
From whence the Crane pickt dainty Fare,
The Fox who cou'd not get his Share,
Lickt the outſide, and ſaid 'twas rare.

MORAL.

Buffoons, who care not to give Quarter,
Oft meet their Match, and catch a Tartar.

FAB. LXXXIX.

The Axle-Tree *and* Oxen.

A Team o'ſtout Oxen, were preſt with a Load
Of large heavy Timber they drew on the Road;
And much they were fretted that while they (were ſtraining,
They heard the ſhrill Axle-Tree loudly com- (plaining:
Be ſilent, ſay they, you long wooden Lubber,
For nothing o' Timber can injure your Crupper.

MORAL.

Some People make a Noiſe and Bawl,
Who underſtand nothing at all.
Who rail at Taxes more than they,
Who nothing have, and nothing pay?

FAB. XC.

The Aſs *and the* Nightingale.

AN Aſs, who in Muſick was wonderful choice,
Wou'd challenge a Nightingale for a fine (Voice;
A Cuckow is Judge, to make the Deciſion,
The Nightingale warbles a heav'nly Diviſion:
But ſoon as the Aſs ſets up his loud Bray,
The Cuckow was raviſht, and gave him the Day.

MORAL.

Where Fools are the Judges, a Quack's a Phyſician;
A Cobler may paſs for a ſhrewd Politician:
To bawl makes a Lawyer, and he that can whine,
And poach both his Eyes, is a heav'nly Divine:
Vice triumphs, and Farces affectedly writ,
Are Clapt by the dull powder'd Beaus of the Pit.

FAB. XCI.

The Man *and his* Aſs.

SAys a Man to his Aſs, come let's fly away,
The Enemy's coming to Plunder, they ſay:
Fly you, ſays the Aſs, I no Enemy fear,
My Shoulders can carry no more than they'l bear:
My Life is ſo ſervile, it makes my Heart ſteady,
I cannot live worſe than I live here already.

MORAL

MORAL.

The Changes of Kingdoms affect not the Poor,
They lie on the Ground, and can tumble no lower.

FAB. XCII.

The Birds *and the* Fowler.

A Parcel of Birds, but not over-wiſe,
Were pleas'd with a Fowler for having (ſore Eyes;
And one of 'em ſaid, that ſhe, for her part,
Ne'er met with a Fellow of ſuch a ſoft Heart:
"Good Man, how he weeps! I'll warrant he's (troubled,
"For all the poor Birds he has murther'd and (bubbled:
"At length he repents, and has gotten the Grace,
"To grieve for moleſting our innocent Race.
While thus ſhe was praiſing his ſeeming Devotion,
The Fowler let fly, and ſoon alter'd her Notion.

MORAL.

To judge by Men's Looks is a fallible Rule;
No Knave like a Knave that looks like a Fool.

FAB. XCIII.

The Doctor *and* Patient.

A Good Woman's Eyes decay'd with old Age,
A Quack to reſtore 'em makes bold to en-
(gage;
He tells her, her optical Nerves were affected,
Her Sight was perturb'd, and had been neglected;
And this was the Procataractick Occaſion,
Which cauſes a Rheum, or a Diſtillation:
But he did not doubt, with a very ſmall Pother,
She'd ſee thro' a Milſtone as ſoon as another.
So filling her Eyes until they lookt ſooty,
With dirty Collyrums, and Powder o' Tutty;
At laſt he moſt prudently blinded her Sight,
Then ſtole a ſmall Tankard, and bad her good
(Night.
Now this was his Manner almoſt ev'ry Day,
Till the Spoons and the Plate were vaniſht away;
Then he waſht off the Powders, and in a grave
(Tone,
Said, the Matter Morbifick was totally gone:
Alas, ſaid the Woman, I fear you deceive me,
Methinks I have hardly the Faith to believe ye;
For I had much Plate when for you I did call,
And now I profeſs I ſee nothing at all.

MORAL.

We ſometimes may ſay with an humble Submiſſion, Diſeaſes are not ſo bad as the Phyſician.

FAB.

FAB. XCIV.

The Monk *and the* Devil.

THere was a Monk that was thought Holy,
And was thought mad and melancholy;
He laſht himſelf, tho' 'twas a hard Caſe
To whip and hag ſo poor a Carcaſs;
At leiſure times he ſtill was praying,
And dropping Beads, and Mattins ſaying:
A Pray'r of his, 'tis ſaid in Story,
Wou'd free a Soul from Purgatory;
Daily ſome Preſent came or other,
To get the Pray'rs of this good Brother;
'Mong other Gifts an Ox was ſent
By a good Man that did repent:
The Holy Father was not greedy,
But kept it to relieve the Needy.
Until a certain pilfring Droll,
Who had no Value for his Soul,
Laid in his Heart a vile Deſign,
The Father's Preſent to purloin:
While this was plotting in his Head,
The grim tall Man in Black he met,
And askt his Name: The Fiend was Civil,
And ſaid ſincerely, I'm a Devil;
And go to kill a doating Monk,
That hinders Folks from being drunk.
The Thief replies, A rare Deſign!
I like it, it falls in wi' mine:
This Monk, Sir, keeps an Ox, and why
Shou'd Fools that faſt and mortify,
And give ſick Conſciences Relief,
Lay up a Load of earthy Beef?

This

This will his Piety encumber,
And ſo to Night I'll ſteal his Lumber.
But thought the Devil, if this Fellow,
Stealing the Ox, ſhou'd make him bellow,
The Hermit then may riſe, and ſo,
For ought I ſee, my Cake is Dough;
For this to praying will provoke him,
Then farewel all my Hopes to choke him.
And thought the Thief, if Hell's Deſign
Shou'd fail, then Satan ruins mine;
So who went firſt roſe a Contention,
For both were fearful of Prevention:
From high Words they proceed to Blows,
The Devil was to hard at thoſe;
Which made the Thief cry out and roar,
Riſe Holy Father, ope' your Door,
The Devil's here, and wou'd you murther,
But I cry out e're he goes further.
The Devil too as he was boxing,
Cry'd out, Old Man look to your Oxen:
This is a Thief that bawls and cries out,
But I'll take care to beat his Eyes out.

MORAL.

The Truth of this Fable is frequently ſhown,
Knaves quarrel, and honeſt Men come by their own.

FAB. XCV.

The Currier *and the* Uſurer.

A Currier once was wonderful glad,
To meet with an old ſubſtantial Lad,
Who let impriſon'd Money go round,
For the ſake of Ten in a Hundred Pound.

And

And *Brother Uſe*, as a body may ſay,
Prithee, how haſt far'd this many a Day?
The Uſurer asks on what Occaſion,
He came to be his near Relation?
The Currier ſays, by Trade at leaſt,
You flay your Friends, as I a Beaſt.

MORAL.

Shun Uſury, and there's Hope of eſcaping
The ſavageſt Creature that lives upon Rapin:
For they who for Money commit an ill Action,
Rejoice in the Miſchief, and plead Satisfaction:
Let all the World hiſs, Money hardens the Face,
And makes a Wretch ſmile, and enjoy the Diſgrace.

FAB. XCVI.

The Lion, Bear, *and* Fox.

A Lion made a Proclamation,
All Beaſts of Honour in the Nation,
Shou'd to his Palace ſtrait reſort,
To ſhow the Grandeur of his Court.
Among the reſt a rugged Bear
A ſorry Courtier wou'd appear;
But quickly the King's Den it ſeems,
Troubled his Brain wi' naſty Steams.
This was the Reaſon, we ſuppoſe,
Made him ſo nice to hold his Noſe.
At this Affront, the Sovereign dread
Soon at his Feet had laid him dead.
The Ape at that began to tremble,
Which made him flatter and diſſemble;

So

So for his part he thought the Room,
Had ſome *Arabian* Perfume:
And much he prais'd the Royal Paws,
So fit to execute the Laws.
He much admir'd his princely Rage,
Made to reform the clowniſh Age.
This Flattery vext the Lion more
Than the Bear's Inſolence before
So he the Ape to pieces tore.
And then the Lion caſt his Eye
Upon a Fox that ſtood hard by,
Reynard, ſays he, and what think you,
Can you ſmell any Scent that's new?
The Fox reply'd, Puiſſant Prince,
My Noſe was ne'er my quickeſt Sence;
Now leaſt of all I dare be bold,
'Cauſe I have got ſo great a Cold.
This dubious Anſwer was well taken,
So Mr. *Reynard* ſav'd his Bacon.
He Courtier-like walk'd circumſpectly,
And anſwer'd well, 'cauſe indirectly.

FAB. XCVII.

The Raven *and* Viper.

A Viper upon a Bank glittering lay,
To bask in the Sun in the Heat of the Day:
A Raven that ſpy'd her, ſoon took an Occaſion
To ſeize, as ſhe thought, on a dainty Collation:
But being well ſtung, was glad to be quiet,
And found ſhe had paid very dear for her Diet.

MORAL.

Men ſhun Oppreſſion who are wiſe:
Who by baſe Means wou'd ſtrive to riſe? Men

Men get Eſtates, which are their Ruin,
'Tis not their making, but undoing.

FAB. XCVIII.

The Tortoiſe *and the* Eagle.

A Tortoiſe had a great Deſire,
As moſt Folks have, of mounting higher;
And therefore ſhe the Eagle pray'd,
Over the World to be convey'd;
And for her pains, ſhe'd Gems beſtow,
The World has not the like to ſhow;
Carbuncles, Diamonds, Amethyſts,
And Pearls as big as both one's Fiſts.
Well, 'twas agreed, and round the Air
The Eagle did the Tortoiſe bear:
She made her fix her Eye upon
The Pope, the *Turk*, and *Preſter John*;
And fill'd her with exceeding Joy,
At the great *Totty Potty Moy*;
She ſhow'd her where the Merchants traffick,
In *Europe*, *Aſia*, and *Affrick*:
Then ſhe expects her Gems forth coming;
But when the Tortoiſe ſtood hum-drumming,
She with her Bill the Cheat did maul,
And on a Rock ſhe let her fall.

MORAL.

'Tis fatal on whate're Pretences,
To put the Banter upon Princes.

FAB. XCIX.

The Peacock *and* Juno.

THE Peacock viewing of her Train,
(Fine Cloaths makes ſilly People vain)
To *Juno* ſtrait made Lamentation,
And curſt the Day of her Creation;
Alas, ſaid ſhe, great Madam *Juno*,
I need not tell you that which you know;
The Birds where e're I go along,
Deride me for my hideous Song;
The vileſt Raven, or Jackdaw,
Make better Muſick when they caw;
Then, here's a Pair of naſty Feet
Makes me aſham'd to walk the Street:
Theſe are ſuch Slurs, a Bird of Honour
Can ne're endure to paſs upon her;
All I deſire, is only this,
That you the Queen of Goddeſſes,
Will take ſuch Care, that I mayn't fail
To ſing like any Nightingale;
That I may walk with the grand Pauſe,
In ſcarlet Legs and golden Claws.
When *Juno* did this Story hear,
She ſent her Home with a Flea in her Ear;
Said ſhe, my Favours are in vain,
You who ſhou'd thank me, moſt complain;
But now I ſwear by Hell and Styx,
If ever more you play ſuch Tricks,
I'll black your Tail, and make each Feature
Like mortal Chimney-ſweeping Creature.

FAB. C.

The Woman *and* Death.

GOod Death, ſaid a Woman, for once be ſo (kind,
To take me, and leave my dear Husband behind;
But when Death appear'd with a ſow'r Grimace,
The Woman was daſht at his thin hatchet Face:
So ſhe made him a Curt'ſie, and modeſtly ſaid,
If you come for my Husband, he lies there a-bed.

MORAL.

We for our Friends have Love in ſtore,
But for our ſelves a great deal more.

The Parrot *and* Raven.

A Parrot and Raven, no Birds of a Feather,
Were lockt by Misfortune in one Cage to- (gether;
O Hell, ſays the Parrot! what Monſter is this!
Ne'er ſince I was born did I ſee ſuch a Phyz;
But no Wit in Nature is able to cape,
What's worſt in the kind, the Face, or the Shape:
And then for his Motion, 'tis antick and vile,
So awkward, 'twou'd force a grave Owl to the (ſmile;
His Carriage moſt clowniſh, and o' ſuch a Voice!
I'm ſick, and my ſtomach's quite turn'd wi' the (Noiſe.
Oh, foh how he ſtinks! as I am a Sinner,
I fancy he's eat a Dead Horſe for his Dinner.

What

What Crime have I done, that Fortune uncivil,
Shou'd damn me to dwell with a Bird like a Devil?
Was ever, ſays *Ralph*, ſuch a proud Coxcomb ſeen,
Dreſt up like a Fool in a Coat red and green?
His Parts and his Perſon ſo much over-rating,
For being a Fop, and accompliſht in prating. (is,
Good feather'd Sir *Courtly*, I'll warrant your Trade
To ſmell of Pulvilio's, and ſport with the Ladies;
To talk after others, and mimick their Tone,
Without e'er a Grain of good Senſe of your own.
But I cannot bear with ſuch Language as this is,
From one that's a play-thing o' Madams and (Miſſes:
Good *Indian* Mimick, e'en dreſs your own Tail,
But be not fool-hardy, and venture to rail;
For if you preſume to be thwarting, and ſquabling,
I'll tear all your Feathers, and ſpoil a Sir Fopling.

MORAL.

To reconcile Men's various Fancies,
Is to ſearch Truth out of Romances.
They who in differing ways delight,
Like Oyl and Water, can't unite.
Your Learned Pedants moſt approve,
Thoſe who Old Dictionaries love:
A Courtier thinks that he is wiſer,
Than a Scholaſtick Syllogizer;
And with a kind o' Scorn looks down,
Upon the Academick Clown.
The Man of Learning he takes ſtate,
With his new Theories in his Pate:
And thinks his inſide has a grace,
Beyond the ſplendor of Gold Lace.

Half of Mankind in ſhort take pride,
The other Moiety to deride:
All's wrong that is not on our ſide.

FAB. CII.

The Horſe *and the* Stag.

A Horſe to a Stag had often giv'n Battel;
The Stag with his Horns ſtill made his Sides Rattle.
The Horſe was uneaſy to meet a Diſaſter,
And forc'd to decamp and reſign all his Paſture:
So fretting and fuming he comes to a Trooper,
And offers him leave to get up on his Crupper,
Upon the Condition, that he wou'd allay
And ſtop the Stag's Humour of abſolute Sway.
Well, ſoon the Horſe ſaw the Foe was defeated;
So thanking the Trooper he'd fain ha' retreatd.
No, Friend, ſays the Fellow, my Brains are not addled,
To let you go thus when Bridled and Saddled.

MORAL.

Impatient Men will aim at Eaſe
By Cures much worſe than the Diſeaſe.

FAB. CIII.

The Farmer *and* Jupiter.

A Farmer told *Jove*, 'twas his humble deſire,
The Weather might be ſuch as he did re-quire;

Upon which his Harveſt wou'd needs be much (mended,
And he for his own part much better contented.
Jove mov'd with his Folly, much more than his (Reaſons,
Made him the chief Governor over the Seaſons.
When he call'd for Wind, the Wind was to blow;
He gave out his Orders for Hail and for Snow.
But when the time came he loſt all his Patience,
To ſee how his Harveſt had mock'd Expectations.
A Saint wou'd ha' fretted, to ſee what he ſaw,
That inſtead of Corn he muſt carry home Straw.
So once more to *Jove* he made his Petition,
That he wou'd be pleas'd to take back his Com- (miſſion:
Jove cou'd not but ſmile, and yet he was loth
To ſee the poor Farmer ſo down in the Mouth:
Said he, honeſt Friend, when you ſhall ſee beſt,
Go plow, and go ſow, and to me leave the reſt:
And this if you do, you may ſoon meet wi' plenty,
And never more have ſuch a Cauſe to repent ye.

MORAL.

God oft ſuffers Matters to fall out amiſs,
When Men leave their Buſineſs to meddle with his.

FAB. CIV.

The Mariners *Vow in a Storm.*

A Ship is a ſinking, the Winds are contrary,
'Tis time for the Seamen to cry *Ave Mary*,
Dear Lady, ſays one, let our Danger be paſt,
I'll give you a Candle as big as the Maſt.
Hold,

Hold, Friend, ſays another, take heed what you (ſay,
That Vow you will never be able to pay.
Peace, Blockhead, ſays t'other, when Dangers (around us,
We muſt ſpeak her fair for fear ſhe confound us.
But if to the Shore we 'ſcape ſafe and ſound,
She'll be glad of a Candle of Six in the Pound.

MORAL.

What Fleſh alive knows who's ſincere,
Where Virtue's meerly forc'd by Fear?
Rakes in a Storm ſeem good and grave;
A Saint ſeems grafted on a Knave.
Fear ſhuffles Contraries together,
Such will ne'er change till change o' Weather.

FAB. CV.

The Fortune-Teller.

A Man that had 20 Years ſtudied Aſtrology,
One day to the Mob made a learned Apology.
I hope, ſaid he, no body here's ſo uncivil,
To think me a Perſon that deals wi' the Devil;
But as to the Planets, I freely muſt own,
I know all their Houſes as well as my own:
According to which I reſolve any one,
If 'tis beſt to marry, or let it alone:
If a Spoon or a Cawdle-Cup en't to be found,
I'll make 'em appear if they are above Ground.
And as for young Maids that come to my (Houſe,
I'll tell 'em the Man they ſhall have for a Spouſe.

While thus he went on, and the Mob did admire,
A Friend came to tell him his Houſe was on fire,
Which put *Philomath* in a ſad Conſternation;
So we loſt all the reſt of his pithy Oration.

MORAL.

Sots to be teaching will preſume;
Wiſe abroad, and Fools at home.

FAB. CVI.

The Wolf, *the* Sheep, *and the* Dog.

WHen Beaſts did rule and make Decrees,
Wolves then were Juſtices of Peace:
There once was ſuch a time 'tis plain,
And ſuch a time may come again.
Well, this ſame Wolf being of the *Quorum*,
Would have a Lamb be brought a'fore him.
A mangy Dog lean and ill kept,
Pretends to ſue the Lamb for Debt;
The Witneſſes that did appear,
A Fox, a Kite, a Vulture were:
Theſe Witneſſes ſoon made the Caſe
Plain, as the Noſe upon one's Face.
The Lamb ſtrait loſt his Life and Cauſe,
And was condemn'd by ſavage Laws.
The Juſtice had part of the Booty,
For having well perform'd his Duty.
The Dog another Part did ſeize,
The reſt went to the Witneſſes.

MORAL.

Where Pow'r and Knavery conſpire,
The Law muſt ſay what they require:

Againſt

Againſt ſuch Enemies, what defence
For naked Truth and Innocence?

FAB. CVII.

The He Goats *and* Jupiter.

THE HeGoats were vext when firſt it appear'd
She Goats had a Patent to wear a long Beard,
They mutter'd at *Jove*, and thought it unfair,
That She-Goats with them for Beard ſhould com-
(pare.
I wonder, ſays *Jove*, in ſo ſmall a matter
You can't be ſo civil the Ladies to flatter;
For tho' as to Beard the Caſe equal ſtands,
Yet you ha' the Pow'r to raiſe the Train'd Bands;
And ſince in your Courage there is no Equality,
E'en yield to the weakeſt in Dreſs and Formality.

MORAL.

He that's a Man of ſolid Senſe,
With outward Trappings can diſpenſe;
He leaves 'em for the Airy Beaux,
Whoſe Outſide's all he has to ſhow.

FAB. CVIII.

The Wolves *and the* Sheep.

'TWas once agreed that Wars ſhou'd ceaſe,
And Wolves and Sheep ſhould live at
(Peace;
And that the Peace might laſt, each Side
Sufficient Hoſtages provide.

The Wolves, to ſhow that Peace was dear,
And how they hated Blood and War,
For Hoſtages of ſpecial Grace,
Give up their Young, in whom they place
The Hopes of all their howling Race.
On t'other Side, the ſilly Sheep,
To ſhow how they the Peace wou'd keep,
Fondly for Hoſtages that day,
Gave their bold Maſtiff-Dogs away.
And now 'twas eaſy to forecaſt,
How long the Peace was like to laſt:
Soon the young Wolves ſet up their Throats,
The Old ones hear their hungry Notes,
And cry to Arms, there's Treachery;
The Peace is broke; our Children dye.
Then ſtrait with furious Rage they leap,
And worry the defenceleſs Sheep;
Who when they ſaw their People ſlain,
Wiſh'd for their Maſtiff-Dogs in vain.

MORAL.

A Pow'rful Force, a Valiant Prince,
Are a great Nation's ſure Defence:
But where ſuch needful Springs we miſs,
'Tis to preſume to dream o' Peace.

FAB. CIX.

The Fat Capons *and the* Lean *one.*

A Good Wife took a World of Care,
To make ſome Capons fat and fair;
At laſt ſhe to her Comfort found,
That they grew jolly, plump and round:

But

But one there was who would not eat,
But puk't, and fell out with his Meat:
This ſorry Creature vext my Dame,
His Friends too thought him much to blame;
But the poor Bird made this Defence,
Fat Folks have often little Senſe.
You all are plump and wondrous merry,
You revel and you ſing down-derry,
Bat little think that all you eat,
Is to prepare you for the Spit:
I'd rather look like Hag or Wizard,
Than have a Skewer in my Gizard.

MORAL.

Some Men paſs time away in Sport,
They're for a merry Life and ſhort.
They who Eternity ſurvey,
Send it more ſeriouſly away.

FAB. CX.

The Countryman, *the* Cranes, *and the* Stork.

A Stork, a Bird of no great Brains,
Got in lewd Company with Cranes,
Cranes and Wild Geeſe, and ſuch Riff-raff,
Who at Iniquity did laugh.
They were the Farmer's publick Peſt,
And eat his Corn up in a Jeſt:
But one day as they junketed,
An evil Fate hung o're their Head;
Into a Net they chanc't to fall,
The Farmer cry'd Quits with 'em all.
As for the Cranes and Geeſe, 'tis plain
They were by Suffocation ſlain;

At which the Stork was much afraid,
And for her Life moſt humbly pray'd:
'I am a Bird who ne're diſquiet ye,
'Beſides I'm famous for my Piety;
'I honour my Father and my Mother,
'And ſo do more than twenty other:
'I ſtill ſupply whate're they lack,
'And bear 'em kindly on my back
'When they grow old, and weak, and doat,
'And are not fit to fly abroad.
To which my Gaffer cries, I gueſs
That you are full of Holineſs;
But yet one thing my Conſcience grieves,
That you keep Company wi' Thieves:
Folks ſuffer who no Faults commit,
If in ill Company they get.
Wherefore be patient Holy Brother,
For we muſt choak you with the other.

FAB. CXI.

The Dog *and the* Sow.

BE gone ſays a Sow to a Dog, or by *Venus*,
I'll make you repent that a Word paſt be-
(tween us.
O Fool, ſays the Dog, that Goddeſs Divine
Hates nothing ſo much as the Fleſh of a Swine;
For indeed Madam Sow, your Phyz is ſo fair,
That you have good Reaſon by *Venus* to ſwear;
Yet *Venus* no Votary e're cou'd endure,
Whom Swines-Fleſh had made unfit to come to
(her.

For

For that, ſays the Sow, I her Kindneſs admire,
For they who hurt me muſt never come nigh her.

MORAL.

Wiſe Men Affronts without concern
Upon their Enemies return.

FAB. CXII.

The Cock *and the* Fox.

A Cock on a Tree advantagiouſly poſted,
Was ſeen by a plauſible Fox, and accoſted:
He told him, no Bird that e're wore a Feather,
Cou'd match him for Beauty and Wiſdom to-
(gether:
And O that the Cock would afford him the Grace,
So great a Philoſopher once to embrace,
How bleſt ſhould he be, if by his Vicinity,
He might as it were but touch his Divinity.
The Cock heard the Story with very good Will,
So tickled with Praiſe he could hardly ſit ſtill.
At laſt down he flutters, the Fox takes Occaſion
To welcome his Friend with a rough Salutation;
Says he, worthy Prophet, your Skill you have ſhewn
You tell People's Fortunes & know not your own.
Now juggle, now conjure, ſhow all your black Art,
Without ſtrong Enchantments you'll certainly
(ſmart.

MORAL.

In Nature it ſeems an infallible Rule,
That Flattery always ſuppoſes a Fool:
If we love the Praiſe, the Scandal we bear;
But ſlight it, it falls to the Flatterers ſhare.

FAB.

FAB. CXIII.

The Fox *and the* Lion.

THE firſt time the Fox ſaw the Lion appear,
He ſhiver'd, and fell in an Ague for fear:
The next time he ſaw him and heard his Grace (roar,
He quak'd, but it was not ſo bad as before:
The third time the Fox his Majeſty ſaw,
He was at his leave to kiſs Royal Paw.

MORAL.

There's Magick in Cuſtom that ſtrangely amazes,
And makes things appear wi' different Faces.
Uſe can reconcile us to what is ungrateful,
And make that which pleaſes grow odious and hateful.

FAB. CXIV.

The Mouſe, Cat, *and* Cock.

A Little Mouſe had travel'd hard,
And went quite round a Farmer's Yard,
O're ev'ry Dunghil he had paſt,
And back to Dairy came at laſt.
And told his Dam with Admiration,
A Tale of his Perigrination.
Mother, ſaid he, I've Mountains paſt,
That lye about this Deſart vaſt;
Where two ſtrange Creatures did appear,
One of 'em made me quake with Fear;
'Twas a fierce thing with fiery Eyes,
And a ſhrill piercing angry Voice.

I never ſaw ſince I was born,
A thing wi' ſuch a Mouth of Horn:
Its Tail was ſemicircled Feather;
It often clapt its Wings together.
On's Head he wore a piece of raw
Indented Fleſh, much like a Saw.
This horrid Creature ſtrutting ſtood,
The ſight did almoſt freeze my Blood.
But then I ſaw another thing,
A lovely Creature without Wing;
It purr'd and wink'd in ſleepy wiſe,
And had the ſweeteſt Gooſeberry Eyes;
The fineſt Marks all down the Face,
And ſuch a modeſt humble Grace,
And a long Tail like our own Race.
I fain this Creature would ſalute,
But I was ſcar'd by t'other Brute.
At this the careful Mother ſmil'd,
And thus inform'd her fooliſh Child.
My Dear, ſaid ſhe, you muſt not gueſs
At Tempers by Appearances,
The thing that did your Sences ſhock,
Was a poor harmleſs dunghil Cock.
That which you thought like one of us,
Is the moſt bloody Monſter Puſs;
A Cannibal, that ne'er gives Quarter,
But eats us raw like any *Tartar.*

FAB. CXV.

The Miſer *and his* Orchard.

A Man that an Orchard of rare Fruit had gotten,
Spar'd all that was ripe, & eat all that was (rotten.
His

His Son, my young Maſter, one Day got the Key,
And in with a whole Troop o' School-boys (comes he.
Come, Boys, fill your Pockets, and hang him (that ſpares,
So down go the Peaches, the Plumbs, & the Pears:
Be ſure, ſays young Maſter, what's good and (ripe gather,
And leave all that's bad for the old Fool my Fa- (ther.

MORAL.

A poor ſordid Spirit that doats upon Self,
Tho' hated by all, ſuffers moſt from himſelf:
He ſcrapes all his Life on till he's a dying,
To leave it an Heir that will ſoon ſet it flying.

FAB. CXVI.

The Drunkard *and his* Wife.

A Woman had got ſuch a Sot to her Spouſe,
He ne'er cou'd come home on his Legs (to his Houſe;
'Twas Work for the Drawers to put him to Bed.
In one of theſe Fits it came in her Head,
To Coffin him, and put him down in a Vault,
In hopes thus to frighten him out of his Fault.
He lay there a Day; at laſt his Wife comes,
And at the Vault Door with her Knuckles ſhe (drums;
Who's there, ſays old Soul. Wife anſwers, O (Sinner
Departed, I come to invite you to Dinner.

Tell

Tell me of no Dinner, replies the good Fellow,
But haſt thou a Crag o' good Liquor that's Mel-
(low?
Ah, Husband, ſays ſhe, will nothing prevail
To cure the unquenchable Love of Pot-Ale.

MORAL.

'Tis hard by Reaſon, or by Shame,
Old Vicious Cuſtoms to reclain.

FAB. CXVII.

The Two Pigeons.

TWO Pidgeons liv'd exceeding well,
E'er ſince they came out of the Shell;
They had been bred and born together,
And paſt a deal o' faithleſs Weather;
Till one of 'em ſeem'd too ſecure,
And needs Abroad wou'd take a Tour;
But when he did this News impart,
He almoſt broke the other's Heart.
I did not think, ſays he, you'd do
A Thing that cou'd not pleaſe me too;
'Tis now at laſt we diſagree,
What pleaſes you, diſpleaſes me:
Travels and Dangers you propoſe,
And quit your Friend, and your Repoſe;
Nor can the Sharpneſs of the Seaſon
Prevail the leaſt upon your Reaſon.
Since you will needs be traveling,
Stay the Advances of the Spring;
I ſhall your Abſence better bear,
And be leſs tortur'd with my Fear.

Hark

Hark, don't you hear the Raven cry?
She warns us when ill Luck is nigh.
Alas, when you are gone, each Storm
Will make me fear you meet ſome Harm:
This Thought will often plague my Head,
Whether you are alive or dead.
Perhaps you wander on ſome Plain,
Harraſs'd with Hunger, Cold, and Rain;
Too great a Penance, tho' unkind,
You go and leave your Love behind.
All this and more was ſaid in vain,
The eager Traveller to reſtrain.
Pray, ſays he, ſet your Heart at Eaſe,
I'll be away but Three ſhort Days;
And ſince my Ramble ends ſo ſoon,
Why ſhou'd you thus your ſelf bemoan.
Whatever Accidents befall,
When I return I'll tell you all:
I'll lay all open to your View,
And make you think you travel too.
Nothing but one's one Houſe to ſee,
Makes us unfit for Company.
With Trouble then they both embrac'd,
Parting unwillingly at laſt.
Our Traveller had not far gone
E'er a black Cloud came marching on,
With a great Storm of Hail and Wind,
From which he cou'd no Shelter find,
But that of a poor blaſted Tree,
That had no Leaves but Two or Three.
At laſt the Sun began to clear
With chearful Heat the cloudy Air,
The Pigeon did a while remain
To dry his Wings o'ercharg'd with Rain;

Then

Then as he o'er a Corn-field flew,
He did a Stranger Pigeon view:
And for Acquaintance lighting there,
He found his Foot caught in a Snare:
He with his Wings about him laid,
And by good Fortune broke the Thread.
Scarce had he from the Snare got rid,
When he a hungry Vulture ſpy'd,
As he hung hov'ring o'er his Head.
This a new Peck of Troubles bred;
And ſure that Day had been his laſt,
But that a fiercer Eagle chac'd
The greedy Vulture thro' the Air,
And ſo relieved the Dove's Deſpair.
Theſe Chances of unhappy Fate,
The Pigeon's Courage did abate:
So towards home he took his Flight,
Not ſurfeited with much Delight,
But tir'd and faint he lights at laſt
Upon a Wall himſelf to reſt,
Where a young School-boy with a Sling,
Struck him, and almoſt broke his Wing:
So flutt'ring, bruis'd, and full o' Pain,
He to his Neſt return'd again.
His loving Friend with ſad Delight,
Receiv'd him in this wretched Plight.
But when Friends meet agen at laſt,
They ſoon forget all Troubles paſt.

MORAL.

Some are ſo mad, they can't endure
To live, and love, and be ſecure;
Projects and Pride diſturb their Breaſt,
Ambition will not let 'em reſt:
Theſe growing old, or wiſe, complain
Their fooliſh Labours were in vain.

FAB. CXVIII.

The Drowned Wife.

THere once was a Husband that led a ſweet Life
For he had an Excellent Scold for his Wife.
One Day (to be ſhort) it ſo came about,
That ſhe with her ſelf had a Fit to fall out.
So down to the River ſhe went in a Fury,
And threw her ſelf in, as the Ballads aſſure ye.
It can't be expreſt how the Man was confounded,
To hear the Folks ſay, that his Deareſt was (drowned:
He went up the River, and lookt here and there
To ſee if a Glympſe of his Wife did appear.
But he was inform'd by a very wiſe Neighbour,
To look down the River, & not loſe his Labour.
The Husband replies, It always did ſeem
Her Humour when living to ſtrive againſt Stream:
And this is her Method, I'm ſure, now ſhe's dead,
Ne'er fear, ſhe'll be found as we go to the Head.

FAB. CXIX.

The Bat, *and the* Weaſel, *and* Owl.

SAys a Weaſel that grip'd a poor Bat in her Claws,
I never ſpare Birds, 'tis a Breach of the Laws.
But yet ſays the Bat, you may ſpare me at leaſt,
For I am no Bird, but an Innocent Beaſt:
To Mice, tho' I ſay't, I'm nearly related,
My Skin ſhows I ne'er for a Bird was created.
The

The Bat was excus'd, and 'ſcap'd for a Reaſon,
Until an Owl caught her, and charg'd her wi'
(Treaſon;
For Beaſts were all Traitors againſt the Domi-
(nion:
Nay then, ſays the Bat, if this is your Opinion,
I'm ſafe, I'm no Beaſt, nor any ſuch thing,
But a poor harmleſs Bird as flies with a Wing.

MORAL.

A Turncoat knows how to purſue and retreat,
If he falls like a Cat, he will fall on his Feet.

FAB. CXX.

The Man *and his* Gooſe *that laid Golden Eggs.*

THere once was a Man to the Gods ſo be-
(holden,
They gave him a Gooſe that lay'd Eggs that
(were Golden:
He ript up her Belly, and pry'd like a Wizard,
In Hopes both the *Indies* were lodg'd in her Gi-
(zard.
So he anger'd the Gods, loſt his Gooſe, and his
(Riches;
This comes when Men follow their covetous
(Itches.

FAB. CXXI.

The Envious Man *in a Storm.*

'TIS a violent Storm, and the Pilot deſpairs,
The Seamen leave Swearing, and fall to
(their Pray'rs.

A white-Liver'd Fellow, malicious and curſt,
Will know which End o' the Ship will ſink firſt.
The Stern, ſays the Pilot, will ſooneſt go down:
Nay, then, ſays Old Envy, the Day is my own:
For there in the Stern ſits an old Friend of mine,
Whom I ſhould be glad to ſee pickled in Brine.
Ye Gods, I for no other Favour implore ye,
But grant he may drink the Salt Water afore me.

MORAL.

Some Paſſions may tire, and want to take Breath;
The Pangs of black Envy are ſtronger than Death.

FAB. CXXII.

The Covetous Man *and the* Envious.

A Miſer prays upon his Knees,
That *Jove* his Money wou'd increaſe.
At the ſame Time, near the ſame Place,
An Envious Man kneels down and prays,
That *Jupiter* would but forbear,
To ſcatter Bleſſings ev'ry where;
That he'd reſtrain 'em to a few,
Namely, Himſelf or One or Two.
Jove heard 'em both, and then profeſt,
He'd give each of 'em their Requeſt;
If what to one his Bounty gave,
The other doubly might receive.
At this the Miſer was ſtruck mute,
And was afraid to make his Suit,
(Tho' Longings in his Heart he found,
To beg about Ten Thouſand Pound,)
Yet it did much his Conſcience trouble,
To think his Neighbour ſhou'd ha' double.

But

But Envy cry'd, O Gracious *Jove*,
Your wiſe Decree I muſt approve,
And beg without all Stay or Doubt,
One of my Eyes may ſtrait drop out;
Leſt I my greateſt Pleaſure miſs,
To ſee the Miſer loſe both his.

FAB. CXXIII.

The Fox *and the* Wolf.

WHate'er we wiſh, we ſoon believe,
And gladly our own ſelves deceive.
A Fox is thought a Creature wily,
And yet one time he was ſo ſilly,
With fooliſh Hopes his Mind to pleaſe,
And take the Moon for a green Cheeſe.
For being rambling by Moon Light,
Urg'd by a Craving Appetite,
He chanc'd in a deep Well to ſpy,
The Lady's Face that rules the Sky:
And took her Phiſnomy ſo round,
For a Green Cheeſe in Water drown'd.
Being ſure 'twas that for which he took it,
He boldly leaps into the Bucket;
And down he ſlides, till to his Wonder,
He found out his egregious Blunder.
Then Hungry, Cheated, Dropping wet,
He found his Patience on the Fret.
At laſt not knowing what to think,
A Wolf appears on the Well-brink;
And grinning ſtands with grizly Hair,
Reynard, ſays he, do you dwell here?
No, ſays the Fox, but what is worſt,
I've eaten till I'm almoſt burſt;

Half of the Cheeſe, which here you ſee,
Has been, I find, too much for me;
I loathe what I admir'd before,
And for my Soul can eat no more;
You with the other Half I'll treat,
If you pleaſe to come down and eat.
The greedy Wolf that lov'd it dearly,
Anſwer'd, I thank you, Sir, ſincerely;
And never will neglect the Offer,
Which my kind Friend does freely proffer.
Without more Ceremonies ſhown,
In t'other Bucket he ſlides down.
Which Motion ſoon beyond all Hope,
Mounts the ſly Fox up to the Top:
Who ſtrait leaps out, and ſporting, ſays,
Fall to, my Friend, you need no Grace:
And I'll engage that you may feaſt
On that Diſh for a Month at leaſt.
'Tis a cold Treat; yet I may ſay,
Such as will never waſt away.

MORAL.

So Men gain but their private Ends,
They care not how they ſerve their Friends.
Some free a Knave; and letting him go,
They often bring themſelves in Limbo.

FAB. CXXIV.

The Owl *and the* Sun.

AN Owl in the Sun-ſhine ſat frowning and winking,
And rail'd at the Sun that occaſion'd his blinking
He thought the gay Light was on Purpoſe deſign'd,
For no other End, but to keep an Owl blind.

The

The Sun told him plain, Shall the Beauty o' (Nature
Be bound to gratify one Purblind Creature?
Shall the Day be all ſhaded, and look unbeſeem- (ing,
That you may fright Children with Whooping (and Screaming?

MORAL.

Some Men are ſo fond of their own ſilly Reaſon,
That what they don't fancy ſeems all out o' Seaſon:
But Providence ſtill is patient and wiſe;
An Owl may find Fault, but the Fault's in his Eyes.

FAB. CXXV.

The Old Man *and his* Two Wives.

AN Old ſort o' Beaux, an unmortified Dunce,
Wou'd hardily marry Two Women at once.
The one was a Beauty, and dazzl'd his Eyes;
The other was Old enough, but very wiſe.
TheBeauty diſpatcht all hisHairs that were gray,
Leſt they ſhould his Weakneſs or Dotage betray.
Old Madam pull'd up the black Hairs by the (Root,
Which did not his Age, nor his Gravity ſuit.
Thus worſe than old Time did the poor Bully (fare,
Before and behind he was left without Hair.

MORAL. (*him*;

He that meddles with Women had beſt look about
For tho' he be cautious, they're likely to rout him:

The Ugly and Airy, the Formal and Gay;
The Wits and the Fools, have all Tricks in their way.

FAB. CXXVI.

The Old Man *and* Death.

QUite ſpent with a Burthen of Sticks, an old (Clown
To take Breath a while, on a Bank ſat him down:
He call'd upon Death, and wiſht he would pleaſe
To ſhorten his Life, and ſo give him ſome eaſe.
Strait all of a ſudden, pale Death did appear,
Which made my old Gaffer's Teeth chatter wi' Fear.
I call'd you, ſaid he, Mr. *Death* in a Maggot,
But now you are here, help me up with the Fag- (got.

MORAL.

Men at a diſtance Death defie,
Who quake like Cowards when they die.

FAB. CXXVII.

The Gnat *and the* Bee.

A Gnat almoſt ſtarv'd, in a ſorry Condition,
Pretended to be a moſt skilful Muſician;
He comes to a Bee-hive, and there he wou'd ſtay
To teach the Bees Children to ſing *So la fa*:
The Bee told him plainly, the Way of the Nation,
Was breeding up Youth in an honeſt Vocation,
For fear by their Labour they ſhould not be fed,
And curſe the fond Parents for being high bred.

MO-

MORAL.

Bad Singers, and Dancers, and Scholars are made,
Of thoſe who had better been taught a good Trade.

FAB. CXXVIII.

The Beaſts *chuſing a* King.

AN Ancient Lion di'd in Peace,
And left no Heirs at his Deceaſe:
The Beaſts according to their uſe,
Were met another King to chuſe.
But ſtill 'twas very hard to meet
With any that the Crown did fit:
Some Heads were of too ſmall a ſize,
And ſome wi' branching Horns did riſe;
Some had a monſtrous Pericranium,
The Crown in ſhort, wou'd not fit any o'em.
While thus it hung in great Suſpence,
And none cou'd make a juſt Pretence;
An Ape came *Alamode à France*,
And entertain'd 'em with a Dance.
When he his Minuet had done,
Into his Hands he took the Crown;
And making comical grimaces,
Thro' it as thro' a Hoop he paſſes:
Thus with his Sport and Recreation,
He pleaſed the Humour of the Nation,
And was at laſt for King thought fit,
For his Abilities and Wit.
The Fox ſaw this with high diſdain,
But open dealing was in vain:
Therefore he prais'd the new Election,
And teſtified a great Affection.

And ſince the Nation had agreed,
The Wiſeſt ſhou'd the Strong ſucceed,
He like a faithful Slave muſt own,
'Twas in his Pow'r to ſerve the Crown.
He, and he only knew a Place,
Where a prodigious Treaſure was;
Which did by lawful Dedication,
Belong to thoſe that rul'd the Nation;
And ſo he kiſs'd the Royal Hands,
Ready to wait the Ape's Commands,
Whenever his Liege-Lord ſhould pleaſe,
On this his Property to ſeize.
Soon as the Ape had heard the matter,
His Majeſty began to chatter;
He ſtrait wou'd march without delay,
For fear the Wealth ſhou'd ſlip away:
And ſo they two alone muſt go,
To ſeize the Prize Incognito.
But when he thought to have the Pleaſure,
To be o're Head and Ears in Treaſure,
He found a contrary miſhap
Of being hamper'd in a Trap.
The Fox that led him to the Place,
Made his Obeyſance to his Grace;
And, Sir, ſaid he, Kings will ha' Cares,
Crowns have a thouſand petty Snares;
A Prince miſtakes, when he ſuppoſes
His Way is always ſtrow'd Roſes:
From private Malice make Evaſion,
You'll be more fit to rule a Nation.
We doubt, if he does moſt excell,
That wins a Crown, or wears it well.

FAB. CXXIX.

The Gnat *and the* Bull.

A Gnat full of Manners, the Bull wou'd addreſs,
And thus in fine Language, his Fancy expreſs;
I crave your Diverſion, and humbly beg Pardon,
If the Weight of my Body your Horn preſſes hard
But if I offend you, I'll quickly be gone ; (on.
E'en go, Sir, or ſtay, ſays the Bull 'tis all one.

MORAL.

An ill-bred Buffoon, plagues us leſs with Abuſes,
Than a finical Fop with Harangues and Excuſes;
Leſt his Motion and Dreſs ſhou'd 'ſcape ridicule,
He out of meer Manners will ſhow he's a Fool.

FAB. CXXX.

The Rat *and the* Cat.

A Young ſilly Rat, ne'er heard a Cat purr,
And wondred to ſee her ſo grave and demure;
She greatly applauded her gooſeberry Eyes,
And ſaw ſomewhat in 'em that look'd very wiſe
She mark'd how ſhe walk'd with a delicate pace,
Abundance of Goodneſs ſhe ſpy'd in her Face:
But as ſhe came forward, to make her Addreſſes,
The Cat wav'd the Favour, and tore her to pieces.

MORAL.

The World has ſo much o' falſe Colours and Paint,
'Tis hard by Complexion to find out a Saint:

All

All things appear in a meer Maſquerade,
Each Man has a Vizard that ſuits with his Trade;
We carry it fair out o' politick Fear,
Thoſe Knaves only ſuffer, that ſhew what they are.

FAB. CXXXI.

The Fox *that loſt his Tail.*

THERE was a Fox exceeding Crafty,
A very Knave, but dwelt in Safety;
And never ſuffer'd for the Guilt
Of all the Blood which he has ſpilt;
Tho' many a Pullet, many a Gooſe,
Were murther'd for his private Uſe.
At laſt great Juſtice did not fail,
To follow him hard at his Tail:
He met a very odd Miſhap,
And loſt his Tail all in a Trap.
So growing fearful of Deriſion,
He'd fain have more in his Condition.
One Day at a Fox Conſultation,
Our *Reynard* made a long Oration;
In which he firſt began to quarrel,
Againſt Exceſſes in Apparel,
Which was moſt ſeen as to the Tail,
At which in Conſcience he muſt rail.
We as to Tails may proud be ſaid,
Proud as Town-Beaux are of their Head;
Like them we fancy we look big,
Who loſe their Faces in their Wig.
Such are long Tails, which I may ſay,
Are monſtrous, troubleſome, and may
Be ſaid to bruſh up the High-Way.

Nature

Nature has mock'd us, in my Mind,
Tails are but Beſoms ty'd behind.
Some pleaſant Foxes lik'd the Notion,
Some grave ones ſeconded his Motion;
Till one Fox, ſlyer than the reſt,
Found out the Stateſman and his Jeſt.
Said he, the Member that ſpoke laſt,
Deſerves to have his Project paſt;
But yet 'tis Juſtice none ſhou'd rail,
And vote Tails off, that has no Tail:
Then *Reynard* turning round about,
The Nation's Grievance was found out.

MORAL.

We oft pretend to ſerve our Friends,
But take up with our Private Ends.

FAB. CXXXII.

The Toad *and the* Ox.

A Toad that was ſwell'd with Envy and Poi-
(ſon,
Would equal an Ox that by Chance ſhe ſet Eyes
(on;
Her Son that ſat by, ſaid, Mother be wiſe,
And aim not to ſwell to ſo hideous a ſize:
For were you as big as the Ox is, or bigger,
The Beaſts wou'd but ſtare at your horrible Fi-
(gure.
The Toad to be taught was too old, and too
(curſt,
So ſhe ſwell'd twice or thrice, and ſhe ſwell'd
(till ſhe burſt.

MO-

MORAL.

The Man meets an unlucky Fate,
Whoſe Soul's too big for his Eſtate:
'Tis vain to bluſter, and to ſwagger,
Live like a Lord, and die a Beggar.

FAB. CXXXIII.

The Pye *and the* Pigeon.

SAYS a Pye to a Pigeon, I can't for my Soul,
Find out why you always breed in the ſame (Hole:
Still in the ſame Place your young ones you lay,
From whence t'other Day they were taken away;
The Pigeon replies, That's true, Mrs. Pye,
But I mean no Harm, nor ſuſpect it, not I.

MORAL.

The Honeſt ſcarce miſtruſt a Foe,
But Knaves think all the World are ſo.

FAB. CXXXIV.

A Town in Danger of a Siege.

A Town fear'd a Siege, and held Conſultation,
What was the beſt Method o' Fortification;
A grave skilful Maſon declar'd his Opinion,
That nothing but Stone cou'd ſecure the Domini-(on.
A Carpenter ſaid, tho' that was well ſpoke,
Yet he'd rather chuſe to defend it with Oak.
A Currier, wiſer than both theſe together,
Cry'd, try what you pleaſe, there's nothing like (Leather.

MORAL.

Moſt Men will be true to their own private Ends,
Tho' falſe to their Country, Religion, and Friends.
One main thing is needful, and that's our own Profit,
Let that be ſecur'd whatever come of it.
But while this Self-Love is a Nation's undoing,
Ev'n they who betray it muſt ſink in the Ruin.

FAB. CXXXV.

The Eel *and the* Snake.

FRiend, ſays an Eel to an old Snake,
I of my Life no Pleaſure take;
The things call'd Men ſo vex and plague me,
And lay a hundred Traps to take me:
Yet I ne'er did in all my Days,
A thing that might their Envy raiſe.
They collar us, and roaſt, and boil us,
And have a thouſand ways to ſpoil us:
While you that ſeem much of our Kind,
No Hurt, nor Inconvenience find;
You bask in the warm Sun all Day,
And paſs an eaſie Life away.
I can't deviſe why this ſhould be,
'Tis all meer Myſtery to me.
The Snake replies, my gentle Friend,
I wonder you can't apprehend;
The Reaſon's plain, Snakes have a thing,
Which reas'ning Mortals call a Sting:
So when they vex us, we requite 'em,
And in a Moment ſurely bite 'em.
But Injuries are things that fall
Safely on Folks that have no Gall;

Lions

Lions in Chains their Terrors keep,
No Coward ever fear'd a Sheep.

FAB. CXXXVI.

The Worm *and the* Fox.

FRom a Bank of green Turf, his old Habitation,
A Worm put his Head out, and made Pro-
(clamation:
" Let all the Beaſts know if any one is ſick,
" I Worm, am by Practice a Doctor o' Phyſick.
" I'm none o' your Quacks that are circumfora-
(neous,
" But skill'd by long Travel in Parts ſubterra-
(neous;
" Where Nature her Chymical Art do's diſplay,
" Where all the Rich Juices and Minerals lay.
" I ſay, without Vanity, I know the Pow'rs
" And Vertues lockt up both in Roots and in
(Flow'rs.
" New Eyes to the Blind in a trice I reſtore,
" By an Opthalmick Secret unheard-of before.
" I have a Coſmetick the Face which adorns,
" A Plaiſter infallible takes away Corns.
" A Catholick Pill, which Cholick aſſwages,
" And purges all Humors, agrees with all Ages.
" A Snuff that's Cephalick, a rare Ague-powder,
" Which ev'ry day praiſes me louder and louder.
" I've been in ſome Courts, where Princes wou'd
(fain
" Have kept me from e're coming hither again.
" But I love the Good of my Country & Friends,
" Beyond the mean Principle of private Ends.

The

The Fox, who with Patience had liſtned a while,
Began with ſome Scorn on the Doctor to ſmile.
And pray, ſays he, Sir, if your Skill's ſo refin'd,
How came your ſelf ſo lame, and ſo blind?
Good Sir, on your ſelf ſhow ſome o' your rare
(tricks,
And purge your own Naſtineſs with your Ca-
(tharticks.

MORAL.

He that talks well of Virtue, in which he's defective
Againſt his own ſelf, do's but make an Invective.

FAB. CXXXVII.

The Hare, *the* Cat, *and the* Weaſel.

WHile the ſwift Hare was gone ſomewhere
To take a Tour in the freſh Air,
A wand'ring Weaſel took occaſion
To ſeize upon her Habitation;
Thither ſhe all her Goods convey'd,
And in a trice ſet up her Trade.
The Hare returning from her Tour,
Was forc'd to knock at her own Door;
But ſhe was fill'd with much Amazement,
To ſee a Weaſel ope' the Caſement.
Who impudently cry'd, Who's there?
This made Dame Leveret to ſtare:
And O, ſays ſhe, ye Gods, what Tartars
Are theſe which dare invade my Quarters!
The Weaſel anſwers, I proteſt
It makes me laugh to hear you jeſt:
What Sot pretends to Property
In Nature, where all things are free.

My

My Title's good, and without flaw,
Poſſeſſion's all Points of the Law.
I cou'd indeed declare and ſhow,
How this Eſtate did come and go:
But I ſcorn to inſiſt upon
What *Simon* did bequeath to *John*;
Or *John* to *Ralph*, or *Ralph* to me,
For I ſee no neceſſity.
Don't ye? replies the Hare, by *Jove*;
But I the contrary will prove;
I'll bring, if you preſume to flout,
Legions of Rats to drive you out:
Since you like Violence ſo well,
We will by force your force repel.
But if by Law your Right you'll try,
The fam'd Grimalkin lives hard by:
Who, like a Hermit, ſpends her Days,
And only Reads, and Faſts, and Prays:
A holy Cat, with long black Fur,
She'll end the Strife without demur,
As eaſily as ſhe can pur.
And her Decree will be, I hope,
Infallible as any Pope.
Well, 'twas agreed, with joint conſent,
They to the Cat for Juſtice went:
And when they ſaw her Majeſty,
Her Reverend Figure ſtruck the Eye.
When Puſs perceiv'd her Clients come,
From her grey Eyes ſhe wip'd the Rheum.
" Children, ſaid ſhe, what wou'd you have
" With one that's crawling to the Grave?
" I pray, my gentle Friends, draw near,
" I'm Old, and Deaf, and cannot Hear:

" Cats

" Cats have Nine Lives, the Vulgar ſay,
" But Care ſoon wears 'em all away,
" I once, like you, had all my Senſes,
" To which I now ſcarce make Pretences:
" Therefore, my Children, pray come nigh,
" And your Pretenſions notify.
At this the Plaintiff and Defendant,
Drew nigh in hopes to make an end on't;
But while they ſtrove to plead the Cauſe,
Upon 'em both Puſs laid her Claws;
And ſo with vigorous Reſolution,
She put the Law in Execution.

MORAL.

While Petty Princes can't be quiet,
But will outragious be, and fly out;
Some Grand Monarch finds an Invention,
To make an end of the Contention;
He do's on both their Kingdoms ſeize,
And ſeals a firm and laſting Peace.

FAB. CXXXVIII.

The Herdſman *and* Jupiter.

A Herdſman the loſs of his Calf much la-
(mented,
To part with a Kid he was freely contented,
If *Jove* wou'd afford him the ſorry Relief,
To ſee but ſo much as the Phyz of the Thief:
The poor ſilly Swain ſcarce ended his Pray'rs,
When to his Amazement a Lion appears.
O *Jove*, ſaid the Fellow, I ſee the Thief plain;
And I'll give you an Ox to remove him again.

FAB. CXXXIX.

The Two Cocks.

TWO Cocks liv'd peaceably together,
As Birds ſhou'd that are of a Feather;
They liv'd, and lov'd, like two ſworn Brothers;
Whatever was one's, was the other's:
But when they ſaw a Hen appear,
Their Friendſhip was no more ſincere;
The charming Hen had ſo much grace,
She made the War break out apace.
O Love, thou vile unlucky Boy;
Was it not you that ruin'd *Troy*?
Was it not you, you little Varlet,
That turn'd the *Xanthian* Streams to Scarlet?
And now again, with equal Rage,
You make freſh Combatants engage:
The deſp'rate Blows of Spur, and Wing,
Made the adjacent Valleys ring:
And Troops of Barn-door Fowl, that day,
Crowded to ſee the bloody Fray.
'Twas for one Hen the Fight began,
But when the Day was made his own,
The Conqueror that did prevail,
Raviſht and ſeiz'd the whole Seragle.
Alas for the poor vanquiſht 'Squire,
He muſt to purling Streams retire;
Or walking in ſome ſhady Grove,
Sigh the Misfortunes of his Love.
Another ſtruts among the Fair,
And can't before his Eyes forbear.

Sure

Sure Conqueſt makes all Creatures vain,
Glory can ne'er it ſelf contain.
To a Houſe-top the Victor flies,
And crows out his own Victories,
But ſoon a Vulture fierce and ſtrong,
Spoils all the Muſick of his Song;
He ſcarce had time, as People tell,
To bid his Life, or Love farewell.
This when his Rival underſtood,
The News moſt ſtrangely warm'd his Blood,
He ſoon returns, forgets Diſgrace,
When he's careſt in the Embrace,
Of the ſoft downy Feather'd Race:
And reaps more Joys than t'other won,
Who by his Glory was undone.

MORAL.

After good Fortune have a Care,
Succeſs is fatal as Deſpair.

FAB. CXL.

The Aſs, *the* Ape, *and the* Mole.

WO's me, cries an Aſs, that e'er I was born,
With a Brain without Wit, and a Skull (without Horn.
But then ſays the Ape, a'nt I a poor wretch,
Without e'er a Tail to cover my Breech.
A Mole peeping out, declared it was hateful
To hear the Complaints of People ungrateful:
You both for a trifle, make ſilly Objections,
Tho' Heav'n freely give you ſo many Perfections,

Whereas in a Dungeon, I live without ſight;
For ever debarr'd of the beauty of Light;
To me all the Glory of Nature is vain,
And yet you ne'er hear me repine or complain.

FAB. CXLI.

The Dog *that went to Market.*

ALL yeild, where Beauty makes Alarms,
And Gold has got reſiſtleſs Charms:
Put but a Treaſure out to truſt,
You'll find, or make your Friend unjuſt.
There was a Dog of Reputation,
The Honeſteſt of all the Nation;
His Maſter gave him free Commiſſion,
To go to Market for Proviſion;
Whate'er was in his Wallet laid,
He from the Butcher Home conveyed:
He never in a Theft was taken,
Tho' tempted with Lamb, Beef, and Bacon:
To be thought greedy, or a Glutton,
He ſcorn'd it as a Dog ſcorns Mutton.
Some ſay his Nature was voracious,
But he himſelf was ſo ſagacious,
That out of Honour, upon trial,
He always practis'd Self-denial.
But, O, the Fates! I now muſt tell,
What a ſad accident befell:
As homeward he his Bag did bear,
A Maſtiff charg'd him in the rear,
Our valiant Cur laid down his Meat,
Reſolv'd to make a brave Retreat,

He

He boldly charg'd, and fac'd about,
But Fortune oft befools the Stout;
While he the Maſtiff kept at bay,
Vile Scoundrel Curs attack'd the Prey.
When this our prudent Dog remarked,
He made the beſt of a bad Market,
And cry'd, Why all this Hurly-burly?
Why need ye growl, ſnarl and be ſurly?
Come ev'ry Dog his Share, I ſay,
And let thoſe catch it, that catch may:
But I who furniſh the Deſert,
Cannot in Honour loſe my Part.
Obſerve well your Partition Treaty,
And then fall to't, and much good d'it ye.
So Maſtiffs, Mongrels, Curs attendant,
Bit, ſnapt, and tug'd, and made an end on't.

MORAL.

Thus in the State, Men are for ſharing,
The King's Cheeſe is half loſt in paring.
Thus Court and Country make Grimaces,
Bite, ſnarl, and quarrel for high Places.
And ne'er each other underſtand,
Till they divide or ſhare the Land.

FAB. CXLII.

The Countryman *and his* Cockles.

Strephon an honeſt Country Swain,
Was boiling Cockles in a Pan;
And when they made a bubbling noiſe,
Strephon ſuppos'd they did rejoice:
Ah fooliſh Animals, ſaid he,
What mean ye by this Melody?

You boil, you burn, yet O the Folly,
Will ye ſing Catches, and be jolly?
Sure *Strephon* had ſome little Reaſon;
All things are odd, if out o' Seaſon.

FAB. CXLIII.

The Old Woman *and her* Two Maids.

AN old Country Dame had a Couple o' Maids,
For Carding and ſpinning there ne'er was ſuch (Jades:
The three fatal Siſters had never ſuch knacks,
At ſpinning of Jerſey, or fine hempen Flax.
My Dame knew their Talent, & was not unwilling,
That early and late they ſhou'd earn her a Shilling.
As ſoon in a Morning as Cocks are a crowing,
My Dame calls her Laſſes and ſets 'em a doing.
The Wenches were nettl'd, and took reſolution,
Upon the poor Cock to commit execution.
So, wringing his Neck off for giving of warning,
They ſpoilt him for calling my Dame the next (Morning.
But Policy ſtill upon Chance has depended,
They made the Caſe worſe which they fain wou'd (ha' mended.
For now my Dame leads 'em a troubleſome life,
She calls 'em at Two, and ſhe vows it is Five.

FAB. CXLIV.

The Hawk *and the* Cuckow.

A Hawk very ſharply the Cuckow did blame,
That being like him, and in Colour the ſame,
He'd

He'd eat Mice and Worms, a Diet unpleaſant,
Whereas he might feed upon Partridge & Pheaſant.
Soon after for Pigeons, which he had been mang-
(ling,
He ſees the Hawk's Carcaſe hang on a Tree dang-
(ling:
Which as he paſs'd by, the Cuckow derided,
O Hawk you had better have eat Worms as I did.

MORAL.

A little well gotten, will do us more good,
Than Scepters and Lordſhips wi' Rapine and Blood.

FAB. CXLV.

The Tortoiſe *and the* Hare.

A Tortoiſe had a merry Notion,
Of her Agility in motion;
So ſhe did publickly profeſs,
She with the Hare wou'd run a Race.
But the Hare bad her go to Bed,
And get ſome Pills to purge her Head,
For ſhe ſuſpected ſhe was grown
Somewhat diſorder'd in her Crown.
But ſtill the Tortoiſe wou'd engage her,
And that too on an even Wager,
She thought for half a Mile or ſo,
To run as ſwift as any Roe.
At laſt the Wager was agreed,
The Tortoiſe ran with all her ſpeed;
But few cou'd tell that ſaw the Show,
Whether the Tortoiſe ran or no:
She ſeem'd to move upon the Trial,
Much like the Hand of a Sun-dial.
The Hare who thought it a diſgrace,
To win immediately the Race,

Reſolv'd not to begin to run,
Till t'others courſe was almoſt done.
And ſmil'd to ſee in *Spaniſh* Mode,
The heavy Tortoiſe and her Load,
A travelling upon the Road.
For tho' the Goal wan't out o' ſight,
She thought 'twou'd ſcarce be won by Night,
And ſo ſhe ſtudied how to paſs
Her time by ſimpling in the Graſs;
Then ſhe beheld the Clouds, to find
The turns and changes of the Wind:
At laſt ſhe needs wou'd go to ſleep,
She knew the Tortoiſe would but creep.
But when ſhe wak'd at laſt, ſhe found
The heavy Tortoiſe had got ground:
Then tho' ſhe ran at a great rate,
For Victory ſhe came too late:
The Ape that was to judge the Race,
Had Crown'd the Tortoiſe Head wi' Bays.
The Tortoiſe then cou'd not contain,
For Glory makes all Creatures vain.
And pray now, Mrs. Hare, ſaid ſhe,
Pretend no more to run with me;
You ſee, I with my Houſe, have won
The Race from you that carry none:
How great had been my Victory,
Were you to bear a Houſe like me.

MORAL.

While they who in quick Parts excell,
Preſume on what they know too well;
And while in Sloth they ruſting lay,
Induſtrious Blockheads win the Day;

None

None can the Miracles believe,
Dulneſs and Diligence atchieve:
They clamber high in ſpight o' Fate,
Fit to miſguide the Church and State.

FAB. CXLVI.

The Lion *going to War.*

A Young Active Lion had got an Opinion,
All Princes by War ſhou'd enlarge their Do-
(minion;
And ſo he gave Orders the Beaſts ſhou'd come
(all in,
That each might aſſiſt in his ſeveral Calling.
The Elephant's Task, was the Foe to attack,
And carry a Caſtle a' Top of his Back:
A Bear brought a Ladder upon his broad Shoulder,
At ſcaling a Wall none ever was bolder:
The Ape with odd Motions the Foe was to banter;
The Fox of deep Statagems was the Inventer;
He Spies and Deſerters receiv'd and convey'd,
And all Sort o' Miſchief that was in his Trade.
The Aſs and the Hare, in a Council o' War,
Were almoſt caſhier'd for Folly and Fear,
Until the King told 'em it was his Opinion,
That no Beaſt was uſeleſs in all his Dominion;
'Twas good to have Aſſes, and thoſe in ſome
(Number,
The Reaſon was plain, they carry the Lumber:
And as for the Hares, there's no one but gueſſes,
How uſeful a Hare is in ſending Expreſſes.

M O-

MORAL.

A Prince that is diſcreet and wiſe,
Looks thro' his Realm wi' piercing Eyes;
He does his Court and Camp ſurvey,
And finds where all Men's Talents lay.

FAB. CXLVII.

The Eagle *and* Screich-Owl.

AN Eagle and Screich-Owl did once ſo agree,
They ſwore to be Friends in the higheſt (Degree;
One was not to injure the Rights o' the other,
But ſpare the whole Neſt for the ſake o' the Mo- (ther.
The Eagle on one Side, pawn'd her Royal Soul;
The other engag'd all the Faith of an Owl.
And now, ſays the Owl, I need not to fear,
You'll know my dear Birds, if you ſee 'em appear;
They're pretty, well-ſhap'd, ſuch a Turn of a (Face,
And Eyes that ſo twinkle, and ſparkle wi' (Grace,
That you muſt be blind, if you injure my Race.
It was not long after, the Eagle one Day,
Spy'd out the Young Owls in a Neſt where they (lay;
They ſtar'd like young Furies, look'd ſad as (Deſpair,
And goggled and wink'd with a ſtrange hideous (Air:

The

The Eagle believing the Screich-Owl's Deſcri-
(ption,
E'en eat up the Monſters; the Sight was Convi-
(ction.

MORAL.

Diſpraiſe does leſs injurious prove,
Than much commending thoſe we love.

FAB. CXLVIII.

Of one that followed after Fortune, *and one that* ſtay'd for her at his Lodging.

IF we cou'd find a mortal Wight,
Who did not in high Aims delight,
We ought to ſhow him for a Sight.
Moſt Men wou'd make their Fortune bigger,
And magnify their outward Figure;
They ride o'er Hedge and Ditch, and ſtay
At nothing that comes in their way.
A Man of Wit and Contemplation,
Cannot but ſmile on this Occaſion,
While they purſue an empty Shade,
Which their own airy Fancy made;
And leave ſweet Hours they might enjoy,
For an imaginary Toy.
For Pity, O you *Bedlamites*,
Repent, ye Squires, ye Lords and Knights.
Lord, ſays a Coxcomb, t'other Day,
That Fellow planted Leeks, they ſay,
But met with what he ne'er cou'd hope,
And now at laſt he's choſen Pope;
Why cou'd not I, as well as he,
Miſguide the Apoſtolick See?

It's

'Tis true, Good Sir, we grant you might;
But Fortune's blind, and wants her Sight,
And if ſhe don't perceive your Merit,
Pray be content and cool your Spirit.
Perhaps the Pope at whom you frown,
Wears Thorns within his Triple Crown;
And who would part with Eaſe and Reſt,
For all the Bawbles in the *Eaſt*?
Purſue not vainly Wealth and Fame,
Fortune's a moſt fantaſtick Dame;
She's but a Goddeſs, and they ſay,
So much a Woman in her way,
She often likes, and is beſt pleas'd
With thoſe that doat upon her leaſt:
But when ſhe's worſhipp'd by a Crowd,
She then grows humourſome and proud.

There were two Friends, as is well known,
Who liv'd together in a Town;
One of theſe Friends had an Eſtate,
Which was enough, but not too great:
Yet he was eaſy, while his Friend
Was diſcontented without End.
This Thought did much his Brains importune,
Of Ways and Means to raiſe his Fortune:
One Day he wou'd his Soul unravel,
And court his eaſy Friend to travel.
Says he, my Friend, you can't but know,
Our Fortunes here are but ſo ſo;
But in ſtrange Places, I don't doubt,
Honour and Wealth will find us out;
Gold does, you know, its Value loſe
Among the *Indians*, where it grows;
And Prophets do leaſt Honour gain,
Who in their Native Soil Remain:

Like

Like Gods to Strangers they appear,
And charm 'em with Religious Fear.
To which his eaſie Friend reply'd,
If you will go, Heav'n be your Guide;
As for my ſelf, it is my Mind,
To be content, and ſtay behind;
I hate new Nations, and new Faces,
New Dreſſes, Humours, and Grimaces:
When many Dangers you have paſt,
Perhaps we ſhall agree at laſt;
Go try your Fortune, I ſhan't grumble,
You'll wiſh your ſelf oft with your Humble.
In the mean time, on this Occaſion
I make one ſolemn Proteſtation;
Which Vow I do intend to keep,
'Tis, that I'll moſt profoundly ſleep;
And ne'er a Day while you are gone,
Riſe up before the Morning Sun.
Wherefore adieu, my Friend, moſt dear,
And may the Gods your Opticks clear:
Tho' now unkindly you forſake me,
If Early you return, pray wake me.
At this our reſtleſs Friend withdrew,
And on the Wings of Poſt-Horſe flew
To a fam'd Place, of great Reſort,
Which buſie Mortals call the Court.
And here we leave him for a while,
Till he has learnt to Cringe and Smile,
To ſhake off Airs too plain and heavy,
To Dance, to Couchè, and to Levè;
To wait a Great Man's Nod and Bow,
And be a Mute in his dumb Show.
To wait long for a little Pleaſure,
A Minute when a Lord's at leiſure:

To buy a Promiſe with much Scraping,
Which, after all, is not worth a Pin:
Till after all his Care and Trouble,
He finds the Court is a meer Bubble,
And ſo he leaves it in great Dudgeon,
And vows he'll be no more a Gudgeon.
Well, the next thing we muſt be at,
Is a Sea-Voyage to *Surat*;
He had a Soul ſure arm'd wi' Braſs,
Who firſt the boiſt'rous Seas wou'd paſs;
Defying Winds that ſtorm and flatter,
And an Abyſs of rowling Water.
But here he met Ten thouſand Fears,
Scar'd ſometimes by the *Buccaniers*,
Sometimes he dreads the fatal Shock,
Of being ſtak'd againſt a Rock:
Sometimes his Heart feels Pit a Pats,
Becauſe o' Quick-Sands, and o' Flats:
Still as he ſaw the Ocean foam,
He often wiſh'd himſelf at Home.
Well, at the laſt our buſy Man,
Saw the *Mogul*, and then *Japan*:
Tho' Fortune in the *Indies* dwelt,
He little of her Graces felt.
Fool, who ſo long a way muſt run,
And parch his Phyz in the hot Sun,
Poor naked tawny Souls to view,
Who eat and ſlave as others do.
In ſhort, his Travels made him find,
That he had left his Wits behind;
Wherefore in haſte our vagrant Squire,
Reſolv'd he homeward would retire:
When he his Pariſh-Steeple ſaw,
His Soul was ready to withdraw;

His Mother's Milk ſtood in his Eyes,
He wept 'twixt Pleaſure and Surprize,
And cry'd, how happy is the Squire
That can put Bounds to his Deſire;
He makes a Voyage with moſt Wit,
Who reads the Travels others writ;
And ne'er with Tempeſt does engage,
But where ſome Poet makes 'em rage.
This, happy Squire is not the Sport,
Of the falſe Hollow-hearted Court;
But with implicit Faith ſubmits,
Believes there are Ten thouſand Cheats
In that fine Place, and Knaves and Fools,
And Pimps, and Bawds, and ſuch-like Tools.
That Fortune ruins in a trice,
Thoſe who in many Years did riſe:
In ſhort, Fortune's a Jilt, a Jade,
I've been too long her Cully made.
While thus he rails, and vents his Spleen
Againſt poor Fortune, that blind Quean,
And vows he ne'er will truſt her more,
He finds himſelf at his Friend's Door:
There for a while we leave him Rapping,
For we ſuppoſe h'as took him Napping.

FAB. CXLIX.

Momus *and* Jupiter.

WHEN *Momus*, who always is for Alteration,
Had long been a carping at all the Creation,

To

To ſhew him his Folly, *Jove* ſummons the Crea-
(tures,
And gives 'em all leave to complain of their Fea-
(tures:
That every Beaſt throughout his Dominion,
Might have a Shape fram'd to his private Opi-
(nion.
When all came before him, he calls to the Ape,
And what Fault, ſays he, find you wi' your Shape?
Why, as to my Shape, ſays he, Great *Jupiter*,
I modeſtly ſay there can be few better:
In all the Aſſembly no Animal can,
Shew Shapes that ſo nearly reſemble a Man.
To mend the Compoſure, as to Elegancy,
Wou'd very much puzzle the Power o' Fancy.
But then as my Body is outwardly ſpecious,
So alſo my Mind, I may ſay, is facetious;
My Wit is ſo famous, and publickly known,
That if any doubt it, I queſtion their own.
I wiſh I cou'd ſay but as much for the Bear,
But he's dull and ugly, and makes People ſtare;
His dirty Shag-Trowzers hang down to his Toes,
And frighten the Children wherever he goes.
To which the Bear anſwers, I value no Jeſt
As long as my Figure's as good as the beſt;
I thank my kind Stars, I am not ſo ſtupid
To envy the Beauty of any Quadruped.
But as for the Elephant, I muſt confeſs
He ought to deſire to be ſomewhat leſs.
To pare half away, will hardly ſuffice
To bring him at laſt to a moderate ſize:
He'd alſo do well, to try to prevail
To have his Ears leſs, and a handſomer Tail.

The Elephant ſmil'd at the Bear's heavy Skull,
And ſaid his Invention was wonderful dull:
But he, for his part, wou'd not trouble his head,
Whate'er little malapert Animals ſaid:
For he had no Reaſon to value their ſpight,
Excelling in Beauty as much as in Height.
But then for the Whale, he was mov'd wi' Com-
(paſſion,
For he had a Form that requir'd Alteration;
And therefore to *Jove* he made his Petition,
To ſet forth the Whale in a leſſer Edition.
The Whale, in a very great Paſſion, replies,
I never will part with an Inch o' my Size:
To be the great Whale, was ever my Wiſh;
For who'd be a Minnum, a Pigmy o' Fiſh?
Whenever, ſays he, I the Piſmire behold,
How little, and yet how induſtrious and bold;
To blame mighty *Jove*, I juſtly preſume,
To crowd a great Soul in ſo little a room.
The Piſmire anſwers, I rail not at Fate,
Nor am ſuch a Fool to deſire to be Great.
I'm ſtrong in proportion, and active, and light,
And then I'm a Giant compar'd to the Mite.
In ſhort, *Jove* obſerving no Faults to be mended,
Diſmiſs'd the Aſſembly, and ſo it was ended.

MORAL.

To other Men's Faults we allow no Protection,
But value our ſelves on our own Imperfection.

FAB. CL.

The Cat *and the* Mouſe.

A Cat ſeiz'd a young ſilly Mouſe in her Claws,
Who pleaded for Mercy, and not without Cauſe;
She thought by the grace of rhetorical Talking,
To ſoften the Heart of cruel Grimalkin.
She ſaid, a Cat's Look did a Lion's reſemble,
A Look fit to make little Animals tremble;
She hop'd that her Nature was Merciful too,
And wou'd not deſcend to ſo puny a Foe.
Alas I am ſmall, and ſo petty a Sinner,
My Body is not half enough for a Dinner;
I'm meer Skin and Bones, a contemptible Figure,
A Day or two will make me fatter and bigger.
But Puſs little minded her pithy Oration,
But growl'd in a mixture o' Pleaſure and Paſſion:
And told her that ſhe was a very Old Cat,
And not us'd to liſten to ſuch ſilly Chat.

MORAL.

Old Folks are cruel and ſevere,
From Youth they no Excuſe will hear,
But quite forget what once they were.

FAB. CLI.

The Lion *in Love.*

A Lion that long had liv'd ſavage and ſtupid,
Was wounded at laſt by the Little god Cupid.
The

The beautiful Look of a Farmer's young Daughter,
Inchanted the Monarch, and made his Mouth
(water.
His Cares were no more to his Kingdom confin'd,
For now *Amaryllis* was all in his Mind:
This made him to fawn, to be gentle, and truckle,
Some ſay too he put up his Main in a buckle.
And growing a Beau, each Night 'twas his Trade,
To roar at her Window a dull Serenade.
And meeting her Father one day, he made bold
To ask for his Daughter *to have and to hold.*
The Farmer was ſtartled to hear the Requeſt,
But anſwer'd him gently, (which way was the
(beſt,)
He told him his Daughter deſerv'd not the honour,
His Highneſs was willing to confer upon her.
But ſince he deſign'd to purſue ſuch a matter,
He'd tell him his Mind, for he never cou'd flatter:
Firſt, Sir, it is Wiſdom in courting a Maid,
To ſhun all Occaſions that make her afraid;
Your Teeth for Careſſes ungracefully ſtand,
Your Talons are ſuch as will hurt a ſoft Hand:
And ſo if you pleaſe, Sir, to lay 'em aſide,
Your Task will be eaſy to make her a Bride.
All Lovers are melting, and eaſy, and tender,
None come to a Lady as if they wou'd rend her.
The Lion approv'd of the Farmer's advice,
And ſaw'd off his Teeth and his Claws in a trice:
Which done, my good Gaffer ſoon alter'd his Tone,
And bad the Proud Quality Brute get him gone:
For if he did not, and talk'd of a Wife,
He'd drub him he ne'er was ſo drub'd in his life.
At this the poor Lion went ſhaking his Ear,
Love fools us, and then makes our Follies appear.

FAB. CLII.

The Ape *and the* Lion.

THere was a learned Ape, that knew
More than a thouſand Monkies do;
Full o' Fineſſes was his Pate,
And Jugglings fit to rule the State.
One Day the Lion had a Fit,
Which in the Great we ſeldom meet,
'Twas a deſire of learning Wit.
So for this learned Ape he ſends;
And come, ſays he, my beſt o' Friends,
Tell me what Methods are the beſt,
To make me and my Kingdoms bleſt:
You have a Wit that may adviſe,
And Eloquence to charm the Wiſe.
The Ape made his Obeyſance low,
For the great Grace the King did ſhew;
The little he did underſtand,
Was at his Majeſty's Command.
Then with a Look, grave and profound,
He laid theſe Maxims for his ground:
My Liege, a Prince that wou'd rule well,
Muſt aim at an heroick Zeal,
Which is to love the Commonweal.
Now few in governing excel,
For Princes love themſelves too well:
They care not how they tax, and ſtrain,
And make ſmall Animals complain:
This is the ground of all Diſorder,
Of Mutinies, and Blood, and Murther.
If Beaſts of Quality cou'd tame
Self-love, they'd get immortal Fame;

But of this Leſſon I may ſay,
Few ever learnt it in a Day.
The next Advice I give your Grace,
Is that you ne'er in any caſe,
Do what's ridiculous or baſe.
Well, ſays the Lion, all you've ſaid
I fain wou'd beat into my Head:
Therefore theſe Precepts o're again,
By eaſy Inſtances explain.
That ſhall I do, and pleaſe your Grace,
And of Self-love in the firſt place;
When in our ſelves we take a pride,
We laugh at all the World beſide;
Men that excel in their Profeſſion,
All their Competitors wou'd leſſen:
Strait on Mankind their Sentence paſſes,
As upon Ignorants and Aſſes:
Where e'er ſuch Arrogance attends,
We cannot hope for many Friends.
Again, Self-love makes us to praiſe,
Thoſe who excel in our own ways:
This is a Trick of Oſtentation,
To wheedle Men to admiration:
To our dear ſelves we muſt ſeem gallant,
If we excel in the ſame Talent.
I over-heard not long ago
Two Aſſes, who their Skill did ſhow
In complementing one another;
Thus one began — Ingenious Brother,
The thing call'd Man, in my opinion,
(Who over us uſurps Dominion,)
In ſpight of all the Pow'r h'as got,
For ought I ſee's an arrant Sot.
If any of his own dull Kind,
Is to Stupidity inclin'd;

They call him ſtrait in ſuch a caſe,
A Fool, an Ideot, a meer Aſs:
When we Diſcourſe, and Reaſon high,
Perhaps about Philoſophy;
They have another ſcornful Saying,
Look yonder, there's an Aſs a Braying.
And this is Man, that ſenſeleſs thing,
Who wou'd be thought a Petty King:
Yet they themſelves will Cant all Day,
As ſilly ſtuff as we can bray;
Until the Audience that's harangu'd,
Cou'd wiſh the Orator were hang'd.
Then let us both pull up our Spirits,
Be juſt to one another's Merits;
And never mind what Mortals tattle,
For they'll abuſe all ſorts of Cattle.
Now, to be juſt, I needs muſt own,
Your Voice, dear Brother, has a Tone,
So full, ſo melting, and ſo clear,
With ſuch a ſweet engaging Air,
That liſtning Nightingales attend,
And to the Sky your Voice commend,
In ſweet Diviſions; for your part,
You paſs the *Italian* Eunuch's Art.
Then t'other Aſs reply'd, 'Tis known
Theſe Praiſes, Brother, are your own;
For ſure the Muſick of the Spheres,
Ne'er did ſo raviſh mortal Ears:
When e'er you raiſe your tuneful Voice,
You make all ſenſeleſs things rejoyce.
Abounding thus in their own Senſes,
And praiſing their own Excellences;
At laſt into the Town they came,
And loudly bray'd each other's Fame:

Many

Many there are, who at this rate
Make one another's Virtues great;
But in the end they only prove,
They Sacrifice to meer Self-love.
Now, ſays the Ape, I ſhou'd proceed,
To ſhow what things Deriſion breed;
What Vices Peoples humours ſow'r,
What makes a King deſpis'd, and poor,
Whene'er Oppreſſion dwells wi' Pow'r.
At preſent, theſe I ſhall not touch,
I wou'd not tire your Grace too much:
So on them I ſhall nicely Reaſon,
But at ſome more convenient Seaſon.
The Ape was wiſe to leave off here,
He wou'd not grate his Prince's Ear;
'Tis odds, if on a tender Point,
All Words a'n't ſpoken out o' joint.

FAB. CLIII.

The Storm *and the* Earthen Veſſel.

A Violent Storm, as it hung in a Cloud,
Spy'd a proud Earthen Jar, and demanded aloud,
What thing it was call'd, and what was its Name:
The Jar, you muſt think, very greedy of Fame,
Made anſwer, That ſhe was a Hogſhead divine,
Ador'd by all Mortals that reliſh good Wine.
Say you ſo, ſays the Storm; then Hogſhead beware,
You know Wine and Water are always at War;
Without more ado, he inſtantly batters
The proud Earthen Jar, till he beat it to ſhatters.

MORAL.

Some aim at a Figure they cannot maintain,
And die for the Glory of being thought vain.

FAB. CLIV.

The Tortoiſe *and the* Frogs.

WEll, ſays a Tortoiſe, I muſt jog,
Tho' I'm as weary as a Dog;
Tho' how to move I ſcarce can tell,
I am ſo cruſted o'er with Shell:
Still, Pedlar-like, I bear a Pack,
A Houſe of Lumber at my Back:
This eats my Heart wi' Care and Grief,
And makes me weary of my Life.
While thus the Tortoiſe did in vain,
Againſt high Providence complain;
She came to a Pond-ſide, where ſhe
The Fate of many a Frog did ſee;
Whom Tyrant Pikes devour'd at once,
And eat 'em up, Fleſh, Blood and Bones.
Now when the Tortoiſe, in deſpair,
Did with the Frogs her Caſe compare:
She of her Haſtineſs repented,
And with her Luggage was contented.

MORAL.

There's an Advantage which the Wiſe
May make of others Miſeries,
By which the Method's often ſhown,
How we may better bear our own.

FAB. CLV.

The Horſe *and the* Hog.

A Hog liv'd as well as a Hog wou'd deſire,
And tumbl'd about at his Eaſe in the Mire;
But ſpying a War-Horſe equipp'd for the Battel,
He call'd him the dulleſt of all ſort o' Cattle:
For now thou art going, thou Fool, ſaid the Hog,
To be ſhot in a Skirmiſh, and die like a Dog.
To which the Horſe anſwers, I freely prefer
To breathe out my Soul like a Hero in War:
Who'd live in the Dirt, and eat naſty Victual,
And have his Throat cut with a Butcherly Whit-
(tle.

MORAL.

Some Danger for Honour the Brave will endure,
And hate a baſe Life, tho' e'er ſo ſecure.

FAB. CLVI.

The Cat *and the* Sparrows.

A Cat with a Sparrow was once ſo much ſmitten,
She lov'd it as if it had been her own Kitten;
She ſhrunk in her Claws, all out o' good Nature,
As oft as ſhe play'd with the innocent Creature.
But as for the Sparrow, that never gave Quarter,
But peck'd at the Cat, and laid on like a Tartar:
Yet Puſs being wonderful Prudent and Sage,
Excus'd all the Tricks o' ſuch Innocent Age.
She patted the Wanton, and wou'd go no further,
One Scratch of her Talons had made it cry Mur-
(ther.

It

It fortun'd one Day, that a neighbouring Sparrow
Wou'd viſit our Minion, & bid her Good-morrow;
Now tho' they were thought two Birds of a Fea-
(ther,
They could not well ſet their Horſes together:
So all the gay Compliments, and the Civility,
Was turn'd into Fury, and open Hoſtility.
Our generous Cat felt a Paſſion ariſe,
Much like the ſame Fury that frightens the Mice,
She thought ſhe had reaſon to teſtify Anger,
To ſee her dear Crony abus'd by a Stranger;
To bear ſuch Indignity ſhe was not able, (ble:
Her Friend, and affronted, and at her own Ta-
Grimalkin then ſwore by her Whiskers ſo grum,
The Stranger ſhou'd rue it before ſhe went home.
To make her Words good, ſhe caught her and
(eat her,
And ſaid that Revenge did never taſte ſweeter.
This made her Mouth water ſo much in the end,
That in ſpite of Honour ſhe eat up her Friend.

MORAL.

To ſome it is a Preſervation,
That they were never in Temptation;
The Frailties of Fleſh and Blood,
By Trials beſt are underſtood:
When Appetite prevails, then Reaſon
And Honour talk quite out o' Seaſon.

FAB. CLVII.

The Young Man *and his* Cat.

TO doat on *Cloe*, or on *Phyllis*,
Or the bright Eyes of *Amaryllis*,

Is not, methinks, ſo ſtrange a Fate,
As his that lov'd a Tabby Cat:
A Paſſion ſo uncouth, ſo ſtrowling,
Might rather ſeem a Caterwauling.
Yet ſo it was, a helpleſs Swain
Lov'd thus, and long he lov'd in vain;
Till having pray'd, as was his Duty,
To the bright Queen of Love and Beauty,
He found his Cat by ſpecial Grace,
Was chang'd to a freſh Country Laſs:
Nothing was left of the Quadruped,
Which made the Youth give Thanks to *Cupid.*
And nothing now runs in his Head,
But to be Married, and to Bed.
Well, 'twas not long before a Prieſt
Was hir'd to compleat the Jeſt.
So in the Marriage-Bed they lay,
With Poſſet and *Et Cetera:*
The Rout retir'd, and left our Spark
With his new Lady in the Dark;
But an unlucky, curſed Mouſe,
Chancing to run a-croſs the Houſe,
My Lady Bride from Bed leap'd out,
And chas'd the Criminal about:
Well, ſaid the Spouſe, I plainly find,
'Tis true that Cat will after Kind.

FAB. CLVIII.

The Two Doctors *and their* Patient.

DOctor *All the better* his Patient would go ſee,
And Doctor *All the worſe* would bear him (Company;
The

The Patient all his Ails and Pains began to tell,
And Doctor *All the better* ſaid every thing was
(well.
Strait Doctor *All the worſe* look'd pitiful, & pale,
And ſaid he's a dead Man, as dead as a Door-nail.
While thus the Doctors wrangled, and both are
(in the right,
The honeſt Patient left the World, and bad 'em
(both good Night.
Said Doctor *All the better*, had he took my Advice,
I'm ſure he had been well, and healthy in a trice:
Said Doctor *All the worſe*, I plainly knew his Caſe,
As ſoon as e'er I ſaw him, I ſaw Death in his
(Face.

MORAL.

'Tis thus oft with contentious Fools,
The Diſh falls down between two Stools:
Why need we Conſultations have,
Cannot one Doctor fill a Grave?

FAB. CLIX.

The Spider *and the* Bee.

THere happen'd once a mighty Jangle,
A Spider with a Bee wou'd wrangle;
The Strife was, as the Learn'd ſuppoſe,
Who was the greateſt *Virtuoſe.*
The Spider ſaid 'twas known full well,
That ſhe all Creatures did excel
In Mathematicks: Who but ſhe,
Cou'd hang i'th' Air by Geometry?
What other Inſect in the Land,
Like her did Angles underſtand?

For Circles, Polygone, and Square,
She challeng'd *Euclid* to compare.
Then for the Web ſhe did deſign,
Nothing was ever ſeen ſo fine:
Whereas the Bee who Honey made,
At beſt drove a diſhoneſt Trade,
For ſhe did round the Gardens fly,
Pilfring all Flow'rs ſhe cou'd come nigh.
As for her ſelf, ſhe purchas'd Fame
By Works which from her Bowels came.
To this the Bee, You've told your Story,
And giv'n your ſelf immortal Glory;
'Tis moſt ingenious to divide
A Hair betwixt North and North Eaſt Side.
Your Parts you cunningly employ,
To catch at laſt a ſilly Fly:
And tho' your Works are all your own,
They are but Cobwebs when all's done.

MORAL.

Thoſe Learned Men the World delight,
Who about Spurs and Mittens write;
Nor can that Mortal be a Sot,
Who has old ruſty Medals got.
Happy the Man, whoſe chief Concerns
Are Butterflies and Roman *Urns.*
Theſe like our Spider, ſpend their Times,
And ſhall be crown'd in deathleſs Rhimes.

FAB. CLX.

The Kite *and the* Nightingale.

A Kite was ſailing in the Air,
Which made the Chicken skulk for fear;

But

But a poor Nightingale was trapt,
That fain wou'd ſuch a Death ha' 'ſcapt.
Hear me, my Lord, the Kite, ſhe cries,
Let not your mighty Paſſion riſe,
Stay but a while, and hear me ſing,
I'm the ſweet Angel of the Spring;
I'll ſing you ſuch a pleaſant Air,
As ſhall be fit to ſoothe deſpair;
As will a Savage Mind engage,
And into pity ſoften Rage.
You ſee my Body's of the leaſt,
And like to make a ſorry Feaſt;
Spare me, I'll charm your Senſe ſo long,
You'll ſay I have paid you with a Song.
With half a Smile, the ſullen Kite,
Told her ſhe did not much delight
In Sola's, Madrigal, or Sonnet;
If ſhe might ſpeak her Thoughts upon it,
She always thought it better cheer,
To Feaſt her Palate than her Ear:
So ſhe might keep her Serenades
For Lovers in *Elyſian* Shades.

FAB. CLXI.

The Aſs *in the* Lion's *Skin.*

AN Aſs, a Lion's Skin had found,
And put it on; the Beaſts all round,
The ſilly Beaſts, began to tremble;
He did the Lion ſo reſemble.
His Owner too began to fear,
Until he ſaw his Ears appear;
Then without more ado, his Sack
He flung a-croſs his Royal Back;

This

This made the Beaſts all wonder, namely,
To ſee a Lion thwackt ſo tamely.

MORAL.

Not ev'ry thing that goes in Red,
And wears a Feather on its Head,
Muſt ſtrait a Man of War be ſaid.
For Feathers, Lace, and Scarlet Cloaths,
Sometimes hide Pick-Pockets and Beaus.

FAB. CLXII.

The Members *and the* Belly.

ONce as our grave Hiſtorians tell ye,
The Members quarrell'd with the Belly;
The Tongue in a Seditious Speech,
The Nation's Grievances wou'd preach:
Says he, can any think it fit,
That I who talk of Senſe and Wit,
Shou'd like a ſorry ſneaking Knave,
To a fat Paunch be made a Slave.
When he had done, up roſe the Back,
And vow'd he felt his Shoulders ake;
And therefore pray'd the Conſultation,
To eaſe the Burthen of the Nation.
This ſeem'd to all to be well ſpoken,
A Man may bear till his Back's broken.
But the poor Legs, in ſad diſmay
Prepar'd their Feet to run away,
They Chairmen like, trudg'd up and down,
To carry Guts about the Town.
As for the Hands, they vow'd and ſwore,
They'd e'en wear Gloves, and work no more;

For

For they were forc'd to dig and threſh,
Till they grew Horn inſtead o' Fleſh;
And to this Slavery were put,
To feed a vile ungodly Gut.
Thus being all enrag'd, and ſtout,
They ſtrait for Liberty cry out:
The Belly pray'd 'em to be quiet,
And not foment ſuch ſenſeleſs Riot,
But be content to find her Diet.
Says ſhe, there's none of you but know,
That whatſoever you beſtow,
Is quickly turn'd to Vital Blood,
And then diſpens'd for all your Good.
But when the Hubub grew ſo loud,
No Senſe cou'd pacifie the Crowd;
She then her ſelf bemoaning ſat,
And pin'd away for want of Meat.
Soon after all the Limbs grew wan,
The Body turn'd a Skeleton;
They then beg'd Peace at any rate,
But, O! Repentance came too late.

FAB. CLXIII.

The Cat *and the* Fox.

A Cat and Fox upon the Road,
Were travelling for no great Good;
They both had a Deſign on Pullet,
Or ſome ſuch thing, to pleaſe the Gullet;
Many a merry Tale they told,
What Pranks they play'd in time of Old;
At laſt the Fox cry'd, Loving Friend,
You talk too faſt,—you'll needs pretend

To be ſo ſubtle and ſo witty,
As if no Animal outdid ye.
Look you, when you your Shifts muſt fly to,
You'll find you know not half what I do;
I have a thouſand Tricks to play,
Which up in Lavender I lay:
One Trick to uſe I ſeldom fail,
Which is to piſs upon my Tail,
And when he wou'd my Rear ſurprize,
I clap it full in *Fowler*'s Eyes:
Sometimes upon a Barn I get,
And there among the Thatch lye hid,
The Yelping Hounds in ſad uproar,
Stand barking round the Farmer's Door:
Nor can the thick-skull'd Huntſman gueſs,
How I have 'ſcapt by my Fineſs;
They make me laugh to hear 'em babling,
As if they had purſu'd a Goblin,
Some Witch diſguis'd in *Reynard*'s Hide.
I have a thouſand Tricks beſide,
Which I want leiſure to relate,
All excellent to banter Fate.
Says Puſs, Friend *Reynard*, I muſt own,
I have no other Trick but one;
And that to me who have no more,
Is e'en as good as many ſcore.
While thus they chat, with Horn and Hound
They hear the Valleys eccho round;
Now *Reynard*, ſays the Cat, e'en trudge it,
And pull your Tricks out of of your Budget,
My ſingle Trick you ſoon will ſee;
With that ſhe clambers up the Tree:
From thence ſhe cou'd poor *Reynard* ſpy,
Trying to ſhift his deſtiny:

But his Amuſements were in vain,
He quickly by the Hounds was ſlain.
Well ſays the Cat, I'm in the right,
One ſure Trick's worth a thouſand ſlight.

FAB. CLXIV.

The Hounds *and the* Dead Aſs.

TWO Hounds that chanc'd to take a Tour,
To get a Stomach near the Shoar;
One of 'em at a diſtance ſpy'd
A Carcaſs floating with the Tide.
And Friend, ſaid he, your Eyes are ſtrong,
What thing is that that ſwims along;
It ſeems the Body of ſome Beaſt,
An Ox, a Horſe, an Aſs at leaſt.
To'ther replys, Friend you gueſs right,
It is an Aſs cou'd we come by't.
But there's the thing, 'tis a great diſtance,
To get it we ſhall need Aſſiſtance.
He that will thither go, muſt ſwim
A tedious Way againſt the Stream;
And this is more than we can do,
Becauſe the Wind's againſt us too.
To me it does the beſt Way ſeem,
That you and I drink up the Stream;
For if we can the Sea command,
The Aſs will lie upon dry Land.
Thus *Ringwood* ſpoke; full wiſe was he,
And *Fowler* cou'd not but agree:
So to't they fell, and wou'd not ceaſe,
They thought they ſaw the Waves decreaſe,
They drank till they cou'd breathe no more,
And ſo they burſt upon the Shore.

MORAL.

Such madneſs does all Mortals ſeize,
They ſearch Impoſſibilities;
Our Projects ſuch too often are,
Which eaſie to our ſelves appear.
The Covetous wou'd Gold acquire.
Enough to cure his mad Deſire;
Another fain wou'd Glory find,
To ſatisfy a reſtleſs Mind.
A Third will ſtudy Night and Day,
And pore Eternity away:
All theſe with our two Hounds agree
Contriving to drink up the Sea:
They plague themſelves, their Projects fail,
And ſo at laſt they make a Tale.

FAB. CLXV.

The Two Frogs.

TWO Frogs that had liv'd in long Friendſhip together,
Marcht out o' the Fenns ſomewhat parcht wi' the Weather;
At laſt in their Travels they met with a Well,
Says one of them here we may quietly dwell;
The Sun cannot hurt us, and truly I think
We cannot well periſh for want of good Drink;
But Friend ſays the other, there ſtill is one doubt,
When once we are in, how ſhall we get out.

MORAL.

'Tis doubtleſs a great and a fatal deluſion,
When Men undertake, and ne'er mind the Concluſion.

FAB. CLXVI.

The Plague *among the* Beasts.

AMong the poor Brutes there rag'd a Mortality,
That made no distinction of Ages and Quality;
All kickt up their Heels i' their several Stations;
A Day is appointed for Humiliations.
The Lion profest with Countenance Sage,
He thought the Plague sent for the Sins of the Age;
And therefore says he, let's all be confest,
The greatest Offender shall die for the rest.
Now as to my self, I'm guilty of Murther,
I kill silly Sheep; and I may say further,
I once met a Shepherd, and made him my dinner,
Now what think ye Neighbors, of such a sad Sinner.
At this a *French* Fox made several Bows, and
'Cry'd out, O my Leige you be Prince of one Tou-
(sand
'A ver good Prince, but Conscience be tender,
'And dat make ye fancy your self an Offender.
'But you be all mercy, els me can't suppose
'Dat dese silly Muttons shou'd break your repose
'For dese silly Muttons get great Reputation,
'Dat dey feast de grand Monarque of de Nation
'Den as vor de Shephard, it be my Opinion,
'Dat Man over Beast do usurp de Dominion,
'And derefore de Conscience cannot be upbraided
'Vor kill a great Knave dat your right has invaded.
The Beasts all approv'd of the Fox's excuse,
And gave him the Thanks & Applause of the House.
The Bear & the Tyger, then made their Complaint,
Their Faults were so small they seem'd petty Saints.
At last a poor Ass wou'd needs beg their Pardons,
For once on a time he robb'd Kitchen Gardens.

An

And eat a ſmall Cabbage, 'twas none of his own,
For this he was troubled and made a ſad Moan.
At this all the Brutes, full o' ſanctified Zeal,
Said the Aſs ſhou'd atone for the whole Common-
(weal:
What, eat a Man's Cabbage, out Abomination,
Why this was a Sin that wou'd damn a whole Nation.

MORAL.

This is one Bleſſing of their Fate,
That few dare ſpeak againſt the Great:
We mawl and ſacrifice poor Slaves,
And worſhip all puiſſant Knaves.

FAB. CLXVII.

The Nightingale *and the* Bat.

A Bat ask'd a Nightingale, why ſhe delighted
To ſing her Sonata's when ſhe was benighted;
Such Muſick did better agree with the Day,
When Nature was cheerful, and all things were gay.
But good Mrs. Bat, your Counſel ſo ſage,
Is that which has brought me to dwell in a Cage;
And now growing wiſer, and ſeeing my folly,
I ſing in the Night to divert Melancholy.
To which the Bat anſwers, this Care had done well
To hinder the miſchief before it befell:
But now you are Cag'd, e'en ſing and be merry,
You'll ne'er go the ſooner to the *Stygian Ferry.*

MORAL.

He ſhows that his Head is not very able,
Who when the Steed's ſtole will ſhut up the Stable:
'Tis nothing but meer ridiculing of Reaſon,
To be formal and cautious, and all out o' Seaſon.

FAB. CLXVIII.

The Hares *and the* Storm.

FOR fear of a Storm, and ſad boiſt'rous Weather,
The Hares in a Fright ran away all together;
And *Nemine contradicente*, agreed
To be drowned forthwith with utmoſt ſpeed:
No Hare but reſolv'd thus to yield up his Breath,
Much rather than live to be whiſtled to Death.
So down they all ruſht to the Side of a River,
As if the Devil had been their Driver:
The Frogs on the Banks, amaz'd at the matter,
Leapt down for ſecurity into the Water;
Which made 'em all ſtop; and a grave ſober Hare,
Deſir'd the reſt of the Rout to forbear;
He ſaid he ne'er thought, if Frogs had not taught it,
That Life was not near ſo bad as he thought it:
Let's live ſomewhat longer, ſince cowardly Frogs
Won't throw Life away, tho' they live but in Bogs.

MORAL.

Some hang and ſome drown, ſome run to deſpair,
By thinking that none are ſo wretched as they're:
'Twou'd eaſe 'em to look round, and ſee many other
That live worſe, and yet never make ſuch a pother.

FAB. CLXIX.

The Fox *and the* Grapes.

A Fox ſome cluſter'd Grapes did ſpy,
That tempted him, but hung ſo high,
They only ſerv'd to feaſt his Eye.
Now when he ſaw he cou'd not get 'em,
He was reſolv'd he wou'd not eat 'em.

Han

Hang 'em, ſaid he, they'r ſow'r and tart,
Meer Traſh, and I'd as good depart;
For I cou'd ne'er my Stomach find,
To deal in Verjuice much inclin'd.

MORAL.

Some are ſo politick and wiſe,
What they can't purchaſe, they deſpiſe.

FAB. CLXX.

The Fox *and the* Hedghog.

A Fox was wounded in a Chace,
And as he ſtrove a Ditch to paſs,
He to his Sorrow underſtood,
He muſt ſtick Pris'ner in the Mud.
The Flies and Waſps thought it their duty,
Not to neglect ſo good a booty:
The Help that they vouchſaf'd to bring him,
Was only this, to ſuck and ſting him.
At laſt a Hedghog paſſing, cries,
Rev. ſhall I rid you of thoſe Flies?
For with my Briſtles I don't doubt,
Quickly to put 'em to the Rout.
No, ſays the Fox, let 'em alone,
New one's will come when they are gone:
Such will be ravenous and greedy,
And plague me worſe than theſe already.

MORAL.

If you are Rich, and needs muſt have,
Some very neceſſary Knave:
Keep your old Knave, your Knave o' proof,
Who has already got enough.

FAB. CLXXI.

The Child *and* Fortune.

A Child lay aſleep on the Brink of a Well,
And eaſily might in the Water ha' fell;
But that Madam Fortune awoke it, and ſaid,
My Dear, you had better go ſleep on a Bed:
For if ye ſhou'd chance to be drown'd in the Water,
Poor Fortune will bear all the blame o'the matter.

MORAL.

When Men play the Fool at a ſcandalous Rate,
They lay all the Blame upon Fortune and Fate.

FAB. CLXXII.

The Young Widow.

WHen Death do's two Turtles diſſever, they ſay
The Bird that is left will e'en languiſh away.
We often obſerve the like Amorous Strife,
Between a young Husband & new-married Wife:
If Death be ſo cruel to part 'em too ſoon,
Before they have paſs'd thro'the firſt Honey-moon:
So fierce is the Paſſion, ſo furious the Care,
That nothing but Time can relieve the Deſpair.
There once was a Lady that loſt a young Spouſe,
And rav'd like a mad thing all over the Houſe;
She kiſs'd her dead Sweeting, and ſcarce cou'd
(compound
To let her dear Husband be laid under-ground.
In vain came her Friends to perſuade her to Reaſon,
For Comfort and Joy were quite out o' Seaſon.
Her Father one day, when the Storm was blown
(over,
Came in, and propos'd her another new Lover:
He

He did not desire to press her Affection,
But left her at leisure to take his direction. (witty,
He told her the Spark was young, wealthy, and
And one that wou'd tempt her to alter her Ditty.
She answers, O Sir, such a Thought I can't bear,
Death only can banish the Thoughts o' my Dear.
A Month scarce had past in this languishing way,
When Madam's Affliction began to decay;
For somewhat each day she'd change in her Dress,
The signs of her Sorrow still grew less and less.
And now she was willing to be counted fair,
She washes, she patches, she powders her Hair;
She follows the Mode, to the Balls she must go,
She hears a soft Song now and then from a Beau;
Her Sable Attire at last slips aside, (Bride.
And nothing remains of the young Mourning-
And so far she grows to a Husband inclin'd,
That one Day she puts her good Father in mind;
Where, Sir, is the Spark that you said was so gay,
I want him to wait on me now to a Play.

FAB. CLXXIII.

The Moon *and her* Taylor.

THE Moon wants a Gown, and her Taylor must (make it,
But He, honest Man, wou'd not dare undertake it:
Your Body, says he, Madam's comely to day,
But in a Week's time 'twill wear half away.
Sometimes your Proportion is jolly and round,
Then thin as a Candle of Six in the Pound: (sure:
You're crooked & strait, thick & thin at your plea-
And now, Madam, how can a Taylor take Measure.

MORAL.

In vain is our Pains and our Labour deſign'd,
To humour a Man that don't know his own Mind.

FAB. CLXXIV.

The Woman *and* Secret.

IF you have a Secret that you wou'd tell no Man,
Be not then ſo witty to tell it a Woman;
Remember the Husband, who being one Night
A-bed with his Deareſt, cry'd out, Strike a Light:
Alack what's come from me, an Egg on my life!
For Heav'ns ſake tell no body of it, dear Wife;
If once ſuch an Accident's told up and down,
I ſhall be call'd Pullet all over the Town.
The Woman ſwore twenty Oaths ne'er to reveal it,
As being in duty oblig'd to conceal it:
Yet all the Night long ſhe lay on a Thorn,
And long'd very much for the ſight o' the Morn.
When Morning was come, out ſhe goes to a (Neighbour,
And tells her, laſt night her Goodman was in labor;
But Thanks to kind Fate, the Danger was paſt,
He voided an Egg like a Swan's Egg at laſt.
But ſay nothing of it, if any one knows,
I ſhall, like a Hopſack, be beat by my Spouſe.
Well, ſtrait the ſaid Neighbour muſt go ſee a Cou- (ſin,
And inſtead of one Egg ſhe talk'd of a dozen.
Yet all muſt be huſht wi' Silence and Mum,
The Secret lay hid till a new Goſſip come. (dred,
Thus while they all prattled, & while they all won-
The Secret from one Egg was rais'd to a hundred:
And ſo the good Husband at laſt came to ſee,
That others cou'd lay Eggs much faſter than He.

FAB.

FAB. CLXXV.

The Tortoiſe *and the* Ducks.

A Dull heavy Tortoiſe, that in her own way,
Cou'd hardly well travel a Mile in a day;
Had a longing Deſire to ſee a new Nation,
By ſome ſpeedy Method of Perigrination:
So a couple of Ducks on a certain condition,
Reſolv'd to attend her in this Expedition.
Their Method was this, they got a ſmall Stick,
The Tortoiſe upon it muſt hang by her Beak;
And with great Agility theſe her two Friends,
Wou'd ſail thro' the Air, and uphold both the Ends.
The Tortoiſe agreed, ſo ſhe hung on the Switch,
And mounted the Air like a *Lancaſhire* Witch.
The People on Earth this Prodigy ſpying,
Stood ſtaring to ſee Madam Tortoiſe a flying:
And one ſilly Fellow cry'd, Yonder's the Queen
Of the Tortoiſes mounts in a Royal Machine!
No Tortoiſe that has but a little Eſtate,
Wou'd offer to travel at ſuch a high rate.
The Tortoiſe cry'd out, as ſhe hung in the Air,
That's true, honeſt Friend, I am Royal and Fair.
Theſe Words made her let go the Stick ſhe was (numbling,
So down from the Throne came her Majeſty tum- (bling;
And griev'd as her Shell was about her Ears ratling,
So brave a deſign ſhou'd be daſh'd by her tatling.

FAB. CLXXVI.

The Sick Stag.

A Stag oppreſs'd with Grief and Anguiſh,
Did in a deep Conſumption languiſh:

The

The other Stags that liv'd hard by,
Came to condole his Miſery.
And while they pitied much his Caſe,
They eat up all the tender Graſs,
And all the Shrubs about the Place.
What Water too they cou'd come nigh,
Was all drunk up; for Sorrow's dry.
It happen'd the poor Stag at length,
Had the good luck to gather Strength;
But, O! in vain did Stomach come,
To one eat out of Houſe and Home:
And ſo he died, as Authors think,
Meerly for want o' Meat and Drink.

MORAL.

How many Men of great Eſtate,
Participate the Stag's hard Fate;
Whom friendly Knaves ſooth and cajole,
And praiſe 'em for a Noble Soul;
Till they at laſt are paſt all hope,
Derided, and as poor as Job.

FAB. CLXXVII.

The Old Man, *his* Son, *and his* Aſs.

ONce on a time it did ſo come to paſs,
That a Man & his Son were leading an Aſs;
Cries a Paſſenger, Neighbours you're ſhrewdly put to't,
To lead an Aſs empty, and trudge it on Foot.
Nay, quoth the old Fellow, if Folk do ſo mind us,
I'll e'en climb the Aſs; and Boy, mount behind us;
But as they jog'd on, they were laugh'd at and hiſt,
What too Booby-Lubbers on one ſorry Beaſt!

This

This is ſuch a Figure as never was known,
'T is a Sign that the Aſs is none of their own.
Then down gets the Boy, and walks by the Side,
Till another cries, what, you old Fool, muſt you ride,
And ſee the poor Child, that's weakly and young,
Forc'd thro' thick and thin to trudge it along?
Then down gets the Father, and up gets the Son;
If this cannot pleaſe 'em, we ne'er ſhall ha' done.
They had not gone far, but a Woman cries out,
O young graceleſs Imp, you'll be hang'd, no doubt!
Muſt you ride the Aſs, & your Father that's Gray,
E'n foot it, and pick out the beſt of his way?
So now to pleaſe all, they ſtill one Trick lack,
And that is to carry the Aſs a Pick-pack:
But when it was try'd, it appear'd ſuch a Jeſt,
It occaſion'd more Laughter by half than the reſt.

MORAL.

He who wou'd pleaſe all, and their Good-liking gain,
Shows a deal o' good Nature, but labours in vain.

FAB. CLXXVIII.

The Head *and the* Tail.

NAtural Hiſtories ne'er fail,
To write that Serpents have a Tail;
Now Head and Tail one Day did ſtrive,
About the chief Prerogative.
It vex'd the Tail, and made her moody,
That ſhe muſt never guide the Body;
Nor iſſue out a Proclamation,
Nor model, or reform the Nation:
But Head and Brains are only truſted,
When State Affairs ſhou'd be adjuſted.

Rump

Rump being fall'n to this Condition,
Humbly to *Jove* made her Petition;
That Foot-Boy like ſhe might not tend,
But be made equal like a Friend.
Had ſhe not Venom at her will,
Had ſhe not equal Power to kill?
Then give her equal Pow'r to Reign,
And drag the Body round the Plain:
And then ſhe queſtion'd not but *Jove*
Her Conduct highly would approve.
Jove heard the peeviſh Tail's Requeſt,
(He's ſometimes kind to Fools in Jeſt:)
And ſo the Tail began to rule,
But ſhew'd her ſelf a woful Tool:
For wanting Eyes to guide her Zeal,
She ſoon o'erturn'd the Commonweal.
The Head moſt dolefully cry'd out;
'Tis time, the Brains were half daſh'd out:
Body had many a Bruiſe and Squeeze,
From Pebble-Stones, and Stumps o' Trees;
So that the Surgeon did confeſs it,
A dang'rous thing to come and dreſs it:
But this is but the uſual Fate,
When ſenſeleſs People guide the State.

FAB. CLXXIX.

The Old Man *and* Death.

AN old rich Earl with Silver Hair,
Had liv'd at leaſt a hundred Year:
And when Death came, lamented ſore,
And fain wou'd live a hundred more.
Tis a hard Caſe for him, he cries,
To die, when he is growing wiſe;

He

He wondred what Death meant to kill,
A Man that had not made his Will;
Stay but a while, his Wife would die,
Two would be better Company:
Pray take me not off in a Trice,
I want to give my Son Advice;
He's a wild Spark, and in hot Blood,
I fear he'll never come to Good.
But Death reply'd, my Rev'rend Don,
'Tis but in vain you make your Moan;
You've ſeen a hundred Years paſs by,
And is it ſtrange you now ſhou'd die?
You've liv'd till your Head's white and hoary,
And ſeen the Pariſh march before ye,
And now you think it hard and ſtrange,
Becauſe I tell you of a Change.
All you pretend is meer Untruth,
Indecent in a Rev'rend Mouth.
For firſt I know, that your Affairs
Are ſettled, as your Will declares;
As for the Youth you call your Son,
If you live on, he'll be undone:
You are now fit to yield to Fate,
And he to manage your Eſtate.
As for your other vain Pretence
To Wiſdom, now you've loſt your Senſe;
E'en honeſt Father give 'em o'er,
Your Ears are deaf, your Eyes are ſore,
You have out-liv'd your ſelf, and all
That Mortals can delightful call;
'Tis but in pain you draw your Breath,
Pity your ſelf, and pray for Death.
Shall an old Man to die repine,
And like a Changeling ſigh and whine?

Behold

Behold the Beautiful, the Gay,
The Brave, whom Danger can't diſmay,
Not only look Death in the Face,
But bravely fly to his Embrace.
Life's but a Banquet, or a Feaſt,
Where ancient Men ha' done their beſt;
But they're unwilling to give o'er,
When they can eat and drink no more:
When they ſhou'd bid their Hoſt good Night,
And thank him, they will ſtay in ſpight;
Spoil Company, and Prate, and Weep,
Like Maudlin Sots that ſhou'd go Sleep.

FAB. CLXXX.

The Fox *and the* Wolf.

A Fox in a Well by Misfortune did fall,
And 'twas but in vain for Aſſiſtance to call.
A Wolf paſſing by, came and look'd in his Face,
Friend *Reynard*, ſaid he, you are in a fine Caſe;
You need not the Hen, nor the Chicken, her (Daughter,
As far as I ſee, to make your Chaps water:
No Friar that ſtarves himſelf in a Cell,
Can mortifie better, than you in this Well.
Pray, how feels the Water, as cool as you'd wiſh;
And what's your chief Diet here, Frogs or Fiſh?
Well, you're young & hardy, and Nature can't fail
Were I there, 'twou'd make me catch Cold in m (Tai

MORAL.

'Tis cruel to Jeſt, when a Man is in Grief,
Or give him hard Language, that ſues for Relief:
Did an Enemy want, and never importune,
A generous Heart would relieve his Misfortune.
But he's a bad Man; and what if he be,
Shew therefore that you a'n't as wicked as he.

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